

Goodbye!
Geese and Ganders

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Hello!
Daisies and Joes

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EIGHT PAGES

LADIES' DAZE ACCLAIMED BY JOES

Dept. of Feminine Affairs Orders Ingenious Title For Fri., Sat.--Dogpatch Weekend

New Version of Sadie Hawkins' Day

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

Suppose you all have heard of Ladies' Daze (alias Waw-waw Weekend). What! You haven't? Well, you'd better smarten up, kiddies and pals, because forewarned is forearmed, and stuff like that there. Listen forthwith to auntie (that's me!).

The whole business began in the fiendish mind of Al. Capp, the gent who draws that thrilling epic of Dogpatch and its inmates, namely, "Li'l Abner" . . . remember back to last Saturday? Well, he started this Sadie Hawkins racket. The main idea is that the girls chase the men, instead of the presumed (?) reverse procedure of ordinary times. So, on November 6th of each year, leap or otherwise, you see in the comics the entire female population hot on the trail of the frantic creatures locally known as men.

Some bright soul started Sadie Hawkins on the case on this campus, way back in 1939. Your scribe, in sniffing through the dusty files of that date, discovered that a group of intrepid souls, independent of the Students' Union, the faculty or any other official body, dreamed it up and put across that first hilarious week, much to everyone's enjoyment. There was only a loose organization, no planned dances or other functions; but the gals took matters into their own lily-white hands and soon had the whole joint jumpin'. All the classic customs were observed, such as calling for the victims, stuffing same with hamburgers, paying carfare, and so on; all these goings-on causing stupefaction, and later amusement, among the local inhabitants.

Since then, the Great Chase has become an institution on this campus, and all you fellows will doubtless be overjoyed to hear that the coming weekend will see Daisy on the prowl again. She will date you up (meanwhile blushing furiously) call for you, escort you to a movie or a roller rink (heaven help you if you can't skate), refuel you after the evening exertions, take you home . . . and what happens next is up to you.

We won't go into all the complex

Games, Singing At French Club

Good attendance marked last Saturday's meeting of the Cercle Francais. Could the source of attraction be found in Monsieur Cru's cordial enthusiasm and the fine program set in motion by Miss Faunt? Songs, games, and a guest speaker provided entertainment. Members were soon circulating in a relay "vocabulary game". Four people at a time were jolted into thinking in a flash of a noun suggested by some letter of the alphabet. Well just try to summon up a French noun beginning with the letter K or Y—(No, no, Katzenjammer and Yehudi are out!).

One of the main features of the programme is French songs. "Ma Normandie" will conjure up that nostalgic mental picture of "la douce France" as powerfully, as a Strauss waltz evokes Vienna. Then, of course, there is "Parlez-moi d'amour". The third song, Victor Hugo's "Chanson du proscrit" is set to the old English air of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes". Hugo's words are today still applicable to the free Fighting French exiled from their homeland:

"Le mois de mai sans la France, Ce n'est pas le mois de mai."

The piece de resistance was offered by the guest speaker, Miss Erma McCoy, vice-president of last year's Cercle. Miss McCoy is a graduate in Honors Modern Languages, and as a scholarship winner, attended the summer session of the school of Trois Pistoles, Quebec. Hence her entertaining talk on this Quebecois town. One hundred and sixteen students flocked from all parts of Canada to spend an enjoyable summer in Trois Pistoles, which is in the farm lands of the Lower St. Lawrence. Miss McCoy told of her "pension" in the home of a Quebec family. The lady of the house spoke at an alarming speed, while the master was persistently silent. Three pet cats, Dupuis, Minou and César, understood French perfectly. On their way to the school the students were followed by the little "gamins", who warbled, "Allô, dar-r-r-ling!" The students made trips to centres of industrial arts and handicrafts, such as that found at Rimouski. On various excursions they saw wooden windmills and large outdoor ovens where bread is baked. One trip took them to Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, where stands Canada's first house built by white men. Miss McCoy ended by inviting other students to apply for the bursary leading to Trois Pistoles.

The meeting wound up to the rocking air of "Madelon", and finally "Dieu sauve le Roi".

rules and regulations here, because you'll find them elsewhere in this issue. But read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, please, kids, because they are designed so that everyone should have a good time in the approved Sadie Hawkins tradition.

No doubt you have all been wondering how in heck this affair used to go by the queer name of Waw-waw. Well, it's a long story. Three years ago there was a little hard feeling on the campus, when the Athabasca men imagined that those big, handsome brutes in St. Steve's had more dates than they did (silly, isn't it?), and so, to show their disapproval, they turned on the fire-hose where it did the most good, and caused quite a commotion; in short, ruined the jernit. From that time forth S.H. came into disfavor and was banned. But not to be outwitted, the studes cut it down to a mere weekend, two days, in fact. And they changed the name to Waunetia Auxiliary War Workers, which became more or less corrupted (no cracks from the peanut seats) to Waw-waw. And that's why.

You'll be pleased to find out now that you could have skipped the foregoing, because it isn't called that any more. It was slightly screwy anyway, methinks. So the committee has dreamed up a new name, Ladies' Daze, which you will have to admit is appropriate. And much more to the point.

The committee which is running Daisy's little binge is composed of the President of the Engineers, Bob Hole, and four fair "aiders and abettors", namely, Betty Johnstone, Bernice Butteris, Laverna Quinn and Jane Sinclair.

Did you all see the Grand Proclamation that came out on Tuesday? Then you know that no Daisy can come into Tuck minus a man, known as a Joe. That means that you either drag in a Joe or go hungry.

The phone directories came out on Tuesday, so you've no excuse for not nailing your victim now, girls. Remember, he can't refuse you unless he has another bid, so you can't lose. We recommend the telephone as the most painless method — so keep the wires a-hummin', Daisy Mae!

Mrs. Casselman To Speak Nov. 11

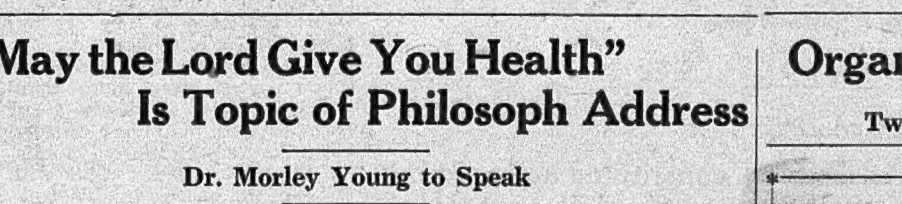
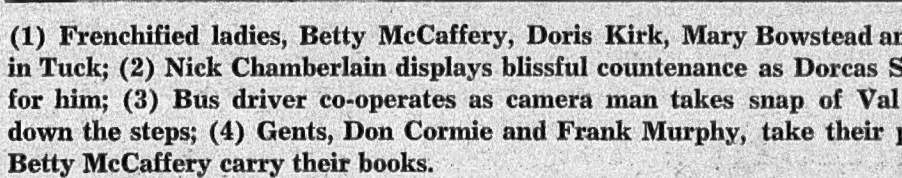
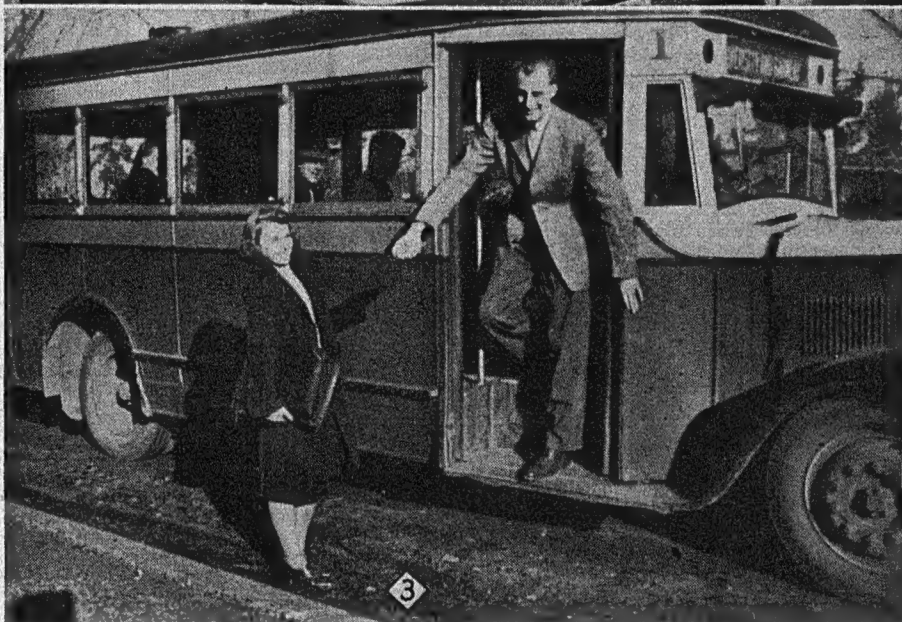
In view of a number of unfortunate circumstances, the meeting called for Mrs. F. C. Casselman's speech, due to be held Wednesday, November 3, has been postponed till Thursday, November 11, at 8 p.m., when Mrs. Casselman will speak to a joint meeting of the Political Science and Public Speaking clubs. The room in which the meeting will be held is to be announced. Watch the posters, Mrs. Casselman, well known throughout the city, was elected in 1941 as Liberal M.P. for the East Edmonton district, becoming the first Liberal woman M.P. in Canada. She has played an active part in the House of Commons, being the first woman to be Chairman of the Committee of the Whole.

Mrs. Casselman has always been very active in club work, being a prominent worker in the following organizations: The League of Nations Society, the University Women's Club, the Women's Missionary Society, Council of Social Agencies, Women's Canadian Club, I.O.D.E. and the Women's Liberal Club. She was President of the Edmonton Branch of the League of Nations Society in 1938, and Vice-President of the Canadian Federation of University Clubs from 1933-1937. Mrs. Casselman was also instrumental in the organization of the Community Chest. In 1942 she was elected to the Council of Queen's University.

LOST

On campus, a Slide Rule in orange case. Has attached magnifying glass. Serial Number N4053-3. If found, please return to Gordon U. Proctor, 11102 87th Avenue, or Phone 33706. Reward.

DAISIES ADHERE TO PROCLAMATION ORDERS (see Page 2) TO THE EIGHT-THLY PROVISION



(1) Frenchified ladies, Betty McCaffery, Doris Kirk, Mary Bowstead and Joan Fraser, show Professor Cru how it's done in Tuck; (2) Nick Chamberlain displays blissful countenance as Dorcas Stewart holds his books and the Arts door open for him; (3) Bus driver co-operates as camera man takes snap of Val Alexander handing her swain, Gordon Weir, down the steps; (4) Gents, Don Cormie and Frank Murphy, take their proper place on the inside as Eileen Duke and Betty McCaffery carry their books.

"May the Lord Give You Health" Is Topic of Philosoph Address

Dr. Morley Young to Speak

Dr. Morley A. R. Young, F.R.S.C., F.A.C.S., will be the speaker at the second meeting of the Philosophical Society on Wednesday, November 10, at 8:15, in Med. 142. The president, Prof. F. M. Salter, declines to explain the meaning of the title of the address, "Di Bosh: May the Lord Give You Health." However, from the following facts about Dr. Morley Young, you can judge something of what the address will be. Dr. Young was a medical student at the University of Alberta for two years before World War I. He completed his medical training at McGill University. For the past twenty years he has been associated with D. A. E. Archer in the Lamont Public Hospital. Dr. A. E. Archer is a former president of the Canadian Medical Society, and is known throughout Canada and the United States for the splendid work that is carried on in the Lamont Hospital and district. At the request of farmers and businessmen of the district, Dr. Archer and Dr. Young began a

health insurance scheme to provide both hospitalization and medical care for the entire district. The Lamont plan was the first of its kind on the continent of North America, and has thus achieved continent-wide fame for its pioneering work along this line. This work is now being extended to include a Health Unit, under the Department of Health of the Provincial Government. Dr. Young, who is very popular at Lamont, not only for his work as a doctor but for his interest in the activities of boys and girls, will have many interesting things to tell about the Lamont General Hospital. The executive of the Philosophical Society wishes it to be made known that the topics of the Essay Contest held in the spring will be based on the subjects suggested by the series of addresses as outlined in their program for 1943-44. A season ticket for a student is 25c. Be sure to come to find out the meaning of "Di Bosh: May the Lord Give You Health."

Organ Music On Remembrance Day

Two Minutes Silence to be Observed at 11 a.m.

Spillios Wants Two Assistants

The Provincial News Department this year is in need of two assistants who can type. In addition to The Gateway News broadcast at 6:15 Thursday, over CKUA, there are three other programs which will be broadcast as soon as possible. The first is "University Women on the Air"; the other is the popular quiz program; and the third is a series of programs interviewing noted men and women who speak to our University clubs. The opening program in the third series was given yesterday—an interview with Mrs. Cora Casselman, M.P. Here is a chance for anyone to gain valuable radio and writing experience. Please get in touch with Jim Spillios in The Gateway office, or phone 26459 as soon as possible.

By direction of the President and with the co-operation of the Committee on the Memorial Organ, it has been arranged that on Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, Professor L. H. Nichols will provide a service of music on the Memorial Organ in Convocation Hall from 10:50 to 11:00 a.m., with two minutes silence at 11:00 a.m. Lecture classes will be dismissed at 10:40 a.m. to give those who desire to do so an opportunity to attend the service. Those attending will be directed to the gallery. Standing room on the ground floor will be available for those who cannot find room in the gallery. The doors of the hall will be closed at 10:50 a.m., and will be kept closed until the end of the service. Lectures will be resumed at 11:15 a.m.

Laboratory classes extending over the period of the service may not be dismissed, but in view of the solemnity of the occasion, all members of the University are earnestly requested to observe two minutes silence from 11:00 to 11:02 a.m.

A. E. OTTEWELL, Registrar

Murphy Presents Annual Budget

The attention of all members of the Students' Union is drawn to the announcement regarding the Students' Union budget meeting. The budget will be placed before the student body on Saturday, Nov. 13, at 11 o'clock in Convocation Hall.

A feature of the meeting will be the presentation of the \$2,000 Mobile Canteen cheque to Major-General Foster, liaison officer in the N.W. between the Department of National Defence and the American Forces. The committee in charge of the presentation is comprised of Lloyd Grisdale and Bob Black, respectively president and secretary of the Students' Union last year. Major-General Foster will receive the cheque on behalf of the Department of National Defence from Lloyd Grisdale.

As all lectures have been cancelled, it is expected that all students will be present at the meeting to make use of their constitutional right to pass the budget.

CHEM CLUB

Chem Club meeting: Thursday, Nov. 11, in M136 at 4:05 p.m. Topic Oil. Speakers Bill McCormack, Honors Chem, "The mechanism of extraction of oil from McMurray tar sands. The problem of sulfur removal." Jack Switzer, Chem Engineer, "Petroleum." Everybody welcome. Refreshments before the meeting.

Have Fun Daisy Maes! Committee of the Hole

Hello, Daisies and Joes. (Or should I say, Joes who hope there'll be a Daisy?) Anyway, Joes, prepare yourselves, because this weekend is the date of the big do called "Ladies' Daze".

Your committee has worked hard getting a program designed to give you the most possible in a two-day period, so now it's up to you to put things over. All festivities have been cut to a minimum, due to wartime, so with this in mind, we have packed the short time with plenty of excitement.

We feel sure that, after working pretty hard all week, and with the extra burden of coming November quizzes, this is your chance to relax and take advantage of the fun that will be at your disposal.

If all you Daisies will get into the spirit, the Joes, the program, and the rules are waiting, so get to a phone, make your arrangements, and we hope you all have a wonderful time.

BOB HOLE, Minister of Feminine Affairs. BETTY JOHNSTONE, BERNICE BUTTERIS, JANE SINCLAIR, LAVARNA QUINN.

I.S.S. Issues Plea For Student Aid

Funds to Aid War-Stricken Students

The work of I.S.S. for students has two aspects. First, there are in prison camps today 6,000,000 men, who, without our aid will stagnate intellectually and be unprepared to re-enter society. Secondly, there are in universities in Europe and China thousands of students who, without our aid, will starve physically as well as mentally. This is our generation we are aiding. Military victory will be useless if the youth of the world are embittered, disillusioned, physically and mentally inert.

"Our aid" means the money raised on our campus. I.S.S. depends solely on universities for its support. The longer the war, the greater is the need and the smaller the source of funds. It is therefore extremely important that the realization of the need, and the work of I.S.S. in alleviating that need, be brought clearly and vividly to the students on our campus. Students will support it if acquainted with the need and the work. We hope I.S.S. will have a representative, active and interested committee on the campus which will have total support for a total effort, from faculty and students.

"And still the students work, they work with unbroken energy for they know that only if their minds keep fit will they be able to overcome the trial of a prolonged captivity. For them study is not only a means of filling long hours of enforced leisure. It is a bridge between the two worlds of pre- and post-war. By his studies the prisoner is linked both to his past, of which they are a continuation, and to his future, for which they prepare him. Study is the very form of life behind barbed wire, the life of the spirit which independently of place and time, affirms its unity and continuity. But this life can only develop if it is nourished from the outside. It needs lasting interest and understanding of its problems; it needs to be linked with education at home, it needs the certainty that the efforts made will bring concrete results. Thanks to the Educational Books Section of the British Red Cross, this certainty exists today. The British prisoners of war feel that they are backed. Through the E.S.R.F. they know that the British universities, the British students are behind them; this knowledge makes their effort possible. . . . Excerpt from Andre de Blonay's report of his visit to a British Prison Camp in Germany."

TELEPHONE BOOK OUT IN TIME FOR LADIES' DAZE

This year's phone book and directory was out Nov. 2, and Stew Sinclair was busy doing them out in the box office located in Arts basement.

Work began Oct. 4 on the handbook and proceeded feverishly until its recent publication, under the able direction of the master-minds, Stew Sinclair and Homer Edwards.

The descriptive phrase "damn handy," suggested by Clive Bowlby, will be found quite applicable to this issue of the Telephone Directory and Handbook, and no urging will be necessary to make the students make use of it (the book, not the phrase).

Any omissions of executives are due to failure of clubs to get organized and send in names of their officers in time for publication.

Students who have not received a copy of the phone book may obtain one in the Students' Union office, and all lazy daisies better get theirs quick before Ladies' Daze is past.

Plays Need Actors; To Produce 4 Plays

On Thursday, Nov. 11, in Arts 235, at 7:30 p.m., tryouts will be held for the four one-act plays which will be produced by the Drama Club this year. The four plays will be presented for two nights in January, and will compete for the best director, best actor and best actress awards. There is a special prize for the best class play. Everyone interested in seeing his class claim this award is invited to turn out at this meeting and give his support.

There is a murmur around the University that the University spirit is dying out. Here is your chance to show that it's not, by supporting your class in this competition. The success of these plays will undoubtedly show just how much school spirit there is in the University. Those who were not able to come out to the first meeting, can turn out to this one. There is plenty of opportunity in all branches of the Drama Club — make-up, acting, directing, lighting, staging, etc. Past members of the Philharmonic are especially welcome to join this club this year and give expression to artistic inclinations. Further details may be had by getting in touch with any of the executive.

Freshmen To Exercise Franchise Nov. 12

Keep Your Eye On These Smart Freshies!

Clever Students Win Scholarships; Gain High Marks In Exams

By MURRAY STEWART

Every year there comes to the University of Alberta a number of students who have, by hard work and diligent application, earned the opportunity to hold a scholarship and through it to further pursue education. This year is, of course, no exception, and we are happy to present here a brief Who's Who of the scholarship winners.

John A. Randle.—John holds a University of Alberta Matriculation Scholarship entitling him to three years of Varsity. He hails from Calgary, where he was born way back in 1925. He is no stranger in Edmonton, however, because he at one time lived here for some six years. Bringing with him an average of 85%, John is registered as one of the many Freshman engineers. Since he is just recovering from an appendicitis operation, John will not be able to participate in many extra-curricular activities this year; the lucky stiff even gets out of army parades.

Alexander D. Jardine.—Alec, who comes to us from the city of the foothills, too, is a holder of an Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire Matriculation Bursary. He was born in Calgary in 1925, and has journeyed to Edmonton in order to become a high school teacher. The Faculty of Education seems to do all right as far as snaffling the scholarship winners goes. Alec hopes to be playing badminton and basketball this winter.

William Harvey Beecroft.—Bill hails from Islay, Alberta (pronounced, we are told, "Ilay," not "Isslay"), where he was also born in the year 1925. His average of 77% has brought him up to the University on an I.O.D.E. Matriculation Bursary to study medicine. Because the degree of B.Sc., M.D. is no cinch to earn, Bill has expressed an intention to do very little extra-curricular things, but to work hard instead.

William R. Lindsay.—Bill Lindsay is an Edmonton product, and one to be proud of, too. Born in Edmonton in 1926, Bill won his Robert Tegner Matriculation Scholarship with an average of 94%. Bill, who is registered in Arts and Science for the degree of B.Sc., M.D., intends to participate in the Archery and the Swimming clubs.

John D. Wordie.—Though born in Calgary in 1925, Jack comes here from Didsbury. In grade twelve he attained an average of 83% to win an I.O.D.E. Matriculation Bursary. His degree will be a B.Sc. in honors chemistry. Some day, perhaps, Jack will be famous for the research he has done. Jack hasn't thought much about joining any clubs or taking part in any sports, but he thinks that perhaps this first year he'll do more work than play. Even though it does take ever so much longer, the majority of students seem to think a degree at the end of four, or five, or six years, as the case may be, is more desirable than one obtained after a mere three months' work, say shortly after Christmas. Why, I can't imagine.

George P. Semeluk.—George won his Robert Tegner Matriculation Scholarship at Victoria High School, right here in city. He was born in Coleman in the year 1924, but his home is in Luscar. George is enrolled in the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Alfred J. Leroy.—Alfred, born in Fedorah, Alberta, in 1926, holds an Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire Matriculation Scholarship, commonly known as the Coronation Bursaries. He has come to Edmonton all the way from Fort Saskatchewan, not the jail we hope, just to take a B.Sc. in Engineering. Engineering is the choice of thousands, as the popular advertisement has it.

Even Palmolive Shave Cream can't compete with the attractions of Engineering.

Sylvia J. Calloway.—Born at Donnelly, Alberta, Sylvia won her I.O.D.E. Matriculation Bursary right here in the capital city. Sylvia is another prospective teacher, doing her stuff in the Faculty of Education every day. Sylvia brings with her to Varsity a reputation as a track star, having successfully represented Edmonton in a track meet at the coast this past summer. It is quite likely that she will be an active participant in extra-curricular activities as long as they do not interfere with her studies.

Joan C. Fraser.—Joan Fraser, an Edmonton resident since 1929, did her studying at Westglen High School. She did it so well, in fact, that she topped an average of 93% and two scholarships. Joan holds a Robert Tegner Matriculation Scholarship and a University Women's Club of Edmonton Scholarship. Joan was born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, in 1925. She is at present taking Arts, but she hopes later to work into an Honors French course which would fit her for a career in which commercial French is a prime requisite. Joan is treasurer of the French Club, and thinks that later she may join the Outdoor Club.

Muriel G. Buchanan.—Muriel is another student from Calgary and a holder of a U. of A. Matriculation Scholarship. Her average was 86%. Born in Calgary in 1925, Muriel has come to Varsity with the purpose of becoming a school teacher. We wonder what attraction Education has for the girls that Engineering hasn't. Muriel has already joined the Musical Club, the French

LIBERAL M.P.



Mrs. F. C. Casselman was elected Liberal M.P. for Edmonton East in a 1941 by-election, necessitated by the sudden death of her husband, who had been elected M.P. the same year. Mrs. Casselman set a precedent by becoming the first woman M.P. for the Liberal party in Canada. Since then she has been the first woman to be introduced to the house according to the procedure followed when a member is elected in a by-election, which includes walking the length of the chamber and shaking hands with the speaker. She is also the first woman M.P. to preside over parliament when it is Committee of the Whole.

Club, and the Archery Club.

Barbara I. Bunn.—Barbara holds a U. of A. Matriculation Scholarship, and had to get an average of 85% to get it. Barb was born in Winnipeg in 1925, but she moved to Red Deer in 1927, and that is where her home is at present. She is enrolled in Arts and Science as a pre-Med student. Women aren't common in medicine, but we know Barbara will

Members of the Freshman Class, along with interested seniors, attended an informative meeting in Med 142, Wednesday, October 27, at 4:00 p.m., when Dr. LaZerte spoke on "How to Read a Book," and Mr. D. E. Cameron, Librarian, spoke on "How to Use the Library." Dr. E. S. Sheldon, Chairman of the Freshman Committee, who instituted this series of helpful lectures on learning to study, introduced the speakers.

Dr. LaZerte explained the steps we take in learning to read. As children, we see only the words. In the early grades, we read for pleasure; later for information. University students read for information, too, but mostly for knowledge, and this requires critical reading. The excuse that one hasn't the ability is not acceptable, because the speaker has proved that people with high ability do not necessarily know how to read a book, that people with moderate ability can secure excellent marks on assignments, and that some people memorize what they read, but do not understand it.

Dr. LaZerte suggested that students make use of "How to Read a Book," which can be found in the library. The advice it gives is to read a book three times, but before we read most books we need a preview of them in order to decide on the method of attack. We must know where the author is going, and this can be discovered in two ways: we can start with a picture and add to it, and we can get little bits and hope it gets pieced together at the end.

Criticize Intelligently
Reading, Dr. LaZerte declared, is a mentally active process. Use the

make a success of it. She intends to play badminton and to do some swimming this winter, and may also join the Outdoor Club.

At this point let us apologize for the manner in which the above are listed. When setting up this article it occurred to us that ladies hate to have their names listed first, hence the above order, with the men in their proper position, first.

In Memoriam



The University suffers a heavy loss with the sudden passing of Associate Professor Wilfred Ernest Cornish, acting head of the Department of Electrical Engineering. Students, staff colleagues and professional engineers with whom he worked since 1927 at this University and in this province will long remember his friendliness and understanding as he met the every-day demands which life made upon him.

To his family we extend our sincere sympathy.

dictionary; or turn to a geography, history or another book to find out what you may want to know. Every so often stop and try to summarize what has been said. Keep main arguments, topics and sub-topics present in your mind, and keep the meaning of the chapter or section with you. If there is some part which you don't understand and which requires more study, mark it and leave it until you have more time to tackle it intensely. Attention must be paid to vocabulary to see that the author is using a word according to the basic definition you have of it. Don't accept statements word for word as they are written, but criticize intelligently.

Dr. LaZerte said that students should read from more than one book in order to clarify a subject, because each man has a different interpretation of different points, and if one writer is not clear with reference to one point, his colleague may be.

The rate of reading depends on the individual. The best is set by the associations that your past experiences, past reading and past study have built into your mental life. But be sure your approach to reading is an active approach. The method of approach depends on you as an individual.

Librarian Skipped Classes

Mr. D. E. Cameron, Librarian, described the organization of the University of Alberta library as "the old woman who lived in a shoe"; it has expanded into all sorts of holes and corners around the campus. The library here has approximately 80,000 volumes which constitute an all-round undergraduate library. There are subscriptions to over 500 periodicals. The books are catalogued alphabetically, and there is a reference section with dictionaries, encyclopedias, etc. The library shelves contain all sorts of books where odd spots of information may be found.

Mr. Cameron suggested that stu-

Deferred Elections For Two Soph Members; Pres. Office to Be Contested

Freshmen Advised to Show Interest in Elections—Men's Common Room Will be Scene of Voting Activities

EXEC.REP. NEEDED

In order that the Sophs may be able to elect a President and another executive member, there will be a deferred election on Friday, November 12, in the Men's Arts Common Room from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 5. Nominations for these positions should be in the hands of Jack Forster, Secretary of the Council, by noon Tuesday, November 9, at the Union office, and should be signed by the nominee and nine other members of the class. Come on, Sophs, make this election a little more interesting than the one a few days ago.

dents might read the books the professors recommend in class, but that they might go the second mile, also, and read some supplementing their course—and astonish the instructors.

The Librarian mentioned the scientific journals of especial interest to students in professions. They were invited to decide while still at University on the one to which they would subscribe when they got out in the business world.

Mr. Cameron's love of books was expressed in his telling the listeners that there are books for each one of them in the library, and that it will be a wonderful thing if during their stay here they make friends with some author, or some subject. He said that libraries are not the only place to get to know books. There are the books which one finds around home, and there are second-hand stores. The speaker confessed that in his youth he had often skipped classes in getting a first-hand knowledge of the treasures in second-hand stores.

Punctuated by Alarm Clock

The Librarian invited groups of students who were interested in books to come to him and he would be only too pleased to show them the library. And he added that if students really wanted to browse around in the stack room and asked his permission, they would probably get it, with the warning that they weren't to sit down there because the owner of the nearest chair would usually need it.

The last few minutes of Mr. Cameron's address were accompanied by the prolonged ringing of an alarm clock, seemingly of the eight-day variety, and at 4:55 the bell joined in to put an effective exclamation mark at the end of what Dr. LaZerte and Mr. Cameron could advise Freshies on "How to Read a Book" and "How to Use a Library."

The lecture was repeated on Thursday, October 27th.

LOST

Lost, last Saturday outside of Big Tuck, a brown leather zippered case containing a gray Waterman's fountain pen, among other things. Will finder please contact Jean Pritchard.

VOTE 9-12 AND 1-5

Freshmen! Remember that your class election comes next week. Those of you who read last week's Gateway will have noticed that the other class elections were a flop. So learn from the lack of interest shown by the upper classes, and show them that the Freshmen are taking a lively interest in all activities. These elections will take place Friday, Nov. 12. The voting will take place in the Men's Common Room in Arts, during the hours 9-12 and 1-5.

Those positions to be filled are President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and three executive members. Nominations will be received by Jack Forster, Secretary of the Students' Council, on Tuesday, November 9, from 9 to 12, in the morning in the Union Office. These nominations must be signed by the nominee and nine other members of the Freshman class. Get busy! Don't let the Freshman election be another acclamation!

Crowd Attends Sat. Night Dance

On Saturday night a large crowd of Varsity students tripped the light fantastic to Don Graves and his orchestra in Convocation Hall at the regular House Dance. As most students know, these dances are held every Saturday night, provided there is no other major function held during the same week. For the information of those students who still have to read the constitution of the Students' Union, the following affairs are considered as major functions: Waneita Reception for Men Students, Junior Prom, Frosh, Senior Formal, Colour Night, Interyear Competition.

BLACK FOUNTAIN PEN

Found in Lower Waneita, a black fountain pen. Will owner call at Gateway Office.

Fraternities!

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Proclamation

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Whereas the undersigned have been assembled, constituted and appointed by virtue of and under the authority of the Students' Council of the University of Alberta as a committee for the furtherance of student activities,

And whereas, the male students at the aforesaid institution find themselves in a condition of financial embarrassment,

Now these presents witness that the hours between sunrise on Friday, the 5th day of November, A.D. 1943, and sunrise on Sunday, the 7th day of November, A.D. 1943, shall, from and after the publication of this proclamation, be known and observed as "LADIES' DAZE."

Further, all and sundry the students of the University aforesaid shall abide by the orders and regulations now promulgated by the aforesaid committee, to wit:

- Firstly: Any Daisy walking with a Joe shall carry his books.
- Secondly: Every Daisy accompanying a Joe shall escort same on the outside.
- Thirdly: All Joes shall precede Daisies through doors and into street cars, etc.
- Fourthly: No Joeless Daisies allowed in Tuck.
- Fifthly: All Daisies shall rise when Professor Joe enters the room.
- Sixthly: All Daisies must loosen purse strings and pay for all Joe's wants and entertainment.
- Sevently: No Joe shall refuse an invitation unless already spoken for by another Daisy.
- Eightly: No names shall be given over the phone, only the greeting, "This is Daisy."

AND BEWARE!

Any offenders against the spirit or letter of the regulations and orders above set out shall be apprehended and subjected to diverse and sundry punishments including imprisonment in the public stocks and the attendant declaration of offences.

Signed, sealed, published and delivered this 2nd day of November, A.D. 1943, by the members of the aforementioned committee.

BOB HOLE,
(Minister of Feminine Affairs)
BERNICE BUTTERIS,
BETTY JOHNSTONE,
LAVERNA QUINN,
JANE SINCLAIR.

A recent survey of the technical personnel who come under the jurisdiction of the Wartime Bureau of Technical Personnel and are employed by Canadian Industries, Ltd., or are on loan to its wartime subsidiary, Defence Industries, Ltd., shows that there are 461 university graduates in the service of these two companies. Of this total, 27 are Ph.D's.

NEWMAN CLUB

Last week-end the Newman Club held its annual retreat, beginning on Friday morning with mass. Short instructions were given Friday and Saturday mornings after mass. Father Wodehouse delivered sermons on both of these evenings. The retreat ended Sunday morning with mass in St. Joseph's Chapel.

Knox United Church
Cor. 24th Ave. and 104th St.
Rev. Elgin G. Turnbull,
B.A., B.D., Minister

11 a.m.: "If Only I Could Work Miracles."
7:30 p.m.: Service of Remembrance. Reading of the names of 300 on Active Service. Hymn-sing.
8:30 p.m.: Young People's Fireside Hour.

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Varsity Tuck Shop

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THE GATEWAY



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F.F.B.I.**

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DEDICATION

This, the 1943 Co-ed Edition of The Gateway, de dedicate to

GERRY LARUE, Editor-in-Chief, (temporarily demoted to copy boy) who, with consistent and conscientious endeavor, has published a Gateway upholding the University tradition of "Quaecumque Vera," which will rank conspicuously with the best that former years have produced.

MACULINE DEPORTMENT

We wish to offer a few words of courteous advice to those members of the male species who, simply because the opposite has never been pointed out to them, still retain the obsolete notion that they are the undisputed authorities on matters of gentlemanly deportment. Since it so obviously is a part of woman's natural heritage to be a master of the essential doctrines of Emily Post and Dorothy Dix, it is strange that man should ever have been selected as the representative of homo sapiens to lead the way in social ventures. Because they feel that a new awakening is necessary to bring man back to the courtly days of the age of sensibility, the women have set aside a few days of each year when they may guide their Mr. Lovelaces through the intricate maze of society. These they have named "Ladies' Daze." As evidence of their magnanimity, they have placed one of the so-called stronger sex in charge—the Minister of Feminine Affairs. As a result of his recent negotiations with his feminine cabinet, this man of propriety (M.P.) is undeniably in accord with the dramatist who so rightly testified:

"O Woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you."

The cuts on the front page are intended to illustrate to the gents the subtle art of etiquette on which subject we ladies possess exclusive rights. Observe the poise with which the young lady helps her swain down the steps of the bus, the calm deameanour with which another Guinivere engagingly holds open the door for the tall gentleman, and the refreshing manner of les femmes in Tuck as they serve their professor with his afternoon repas. The Scottish bard must have been still stunned with the company of just such winsome Daisies as these when he rhymed:

"And nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O."

LADIES' DAZE EDITION

Another year has passed since last the co-eds of the University of Alberta turned out their Green and Gold masterpiece—ahem! No more do your co-editors rack their brains for puns on "geese" and "gander." The old order changeth and maketh way for "Ladies' Daze." This year, as in years past, the Editor-in-Chief has had a "change" for a week, although in the newspaper business it isn't to be compared with

News and Views
From Other U's

German Author

At McGill, Dr. Thomas Mann, the famous German novelist, spoke to students and faculty who crowded the Common Room. Dr. Mann, who wrote the great novel, "The Magic Mountain," was asked his opinions on contemporary literature and the prospects of an early Allied victory. Regarding the latter, he said, "When the German troops are driven back to the German borders by the advancing Russian forces, the moment for a morale breakdown will arrive." Dr. Mann stated that the civilian population were powerless, but what can be hoped for was a strike on the part of the army and the army generals, which would do away with the Nazi leaders. "There will definitely be civil war in Germany," he concluded.

Paper Prom

Sadie Hawkins is visiting the Manitoba campus on November 5, when Betty Co-ed honors Joe College with an invitation to the Paper Prom. A gentleman member of the Arts faculty, majoring in feminine psychology, has these remarks for publication: "Due to many requests from a number of co-eds, I have condescended to secure escorts for them should they be in any difficulty. All young ladies who wish to avail themselves of this exclusive service should submit name, age, telephone number, height, weight, and what time her parents expect her home. In return for this service, I reserve the right to submit myself as the escort of any applicant whose qualifications appeal to me."

Refugees

The Canadian National Committee on Refugees is circulating a petition on the Varsity campus to have Canada's immigration laws modified. There are ten thousand refugees from all over Europe waiting in Portugal for Canada to open its doors to them. President Cody and many of the professors and students have already signed the petition.

Sports

McGill grid team lost to the Navy in their first game in league competition since Intercollegiate sports were banned. The score was 10 to 3. "A sleeper play proved the undoing of the Redmen with the pass received going into the clear for a 45 yard touchdown." The next game will be played against the Army.

At Manitoba, the Meds won the Interfaculty softball championship, defeating a strong Science aggregation 4-3. This "Special Bulletin" was issued: "In the opinion of the medical softball team, the science students, both from an athletic and from a medically scientific viewpoint, are highly unskilled surgeons, if their best efforts at 'scientifically lancing the blister of medical softball ego' were those displayed on Monday last."

Engineers and Women

It was decided that a woman was not essential to the life of an Engineer by the vote taken after the opening debate of the S.P.S. Debate Club at the University of Toronto. The resolution was, "Resolved that a woman is essential in the life of an Engineer." The second speaker for the negative, a civil engineer, stated that it is before the life of an engineer that his mother is essential, that at birth he may be taken from her, and reared by males. He stressed that to an engineer, technical training and a degree are the only essentials, and to an engineer as a person, the bare necessities of life are sufficient for survival.

Brown and Gold

The University of Manitoba's year book, Brown and Gold, is to be reduced in size, it was decided this year. The book has been cut approximately sixty pages.

a "rest." He has observed the proprieties, and has unfailingly referred every inquiry, even of the least importance, to your co-editors (who, as unfailingly, had to refer it right back due to lack of intelligence), gleefully announcing at the same time that he was "retired for one week."

If you will glance at the masthead, you will notice that the editorial and business staffs consist entirely of girls. This is slightly misleading, and we leave you to guess which names have been feminized. Next year, however, we would like to see co-eds in charge of every department for this particular edition of The Gateway. In the meantime, if any girls want to have some fun, they can report to The Gateway office Saturday afternoon about two and help the boys fold papers. And since they will still be in Ladies' Daze, they can take the boys to Tuck afterward.

It is customary for the co-editors to offer sage advice in this issue each year. We hope you will benefit by ours, which is: Don't open a book—except the Telephone Directory—from sunrise on Friday, Nov. 5, 1943, until sunrise on Sunday, Nov. 7, 1943.

FACULTY ON THE SPOT

Quo Vadis?

—Ad Vitam Vitalem

By M. W. WINSPEAR

Editor's Note: Dr. Winspear is the adviser to women students of the University of Alberta. A native of Calgary, she received her doctor's degree from the University of Toronto in December, 1942. In an interview with The Gateway when she first came to the University a year ago, Miss Winspear said that "my job is books and people and my hobby is people and books."

I certainly was "on the spot." The editor asked me to contribute something to the Co-ed Issue of The Gateway. (Why "co-ed" by the way? Someone might explain that one to me some day.) I pondered the possibilities of subject matter: a timely exposition of Shaw's power-propelled Superman; a few comments on the Oriental knowledge bestowed upon Sweet Pea by the application of Sea dusk; Lil Abner's love of literature leading to the loss of one thousand dollars. There was no limit to the number of suitable topics. Right into the middle of the quandary dropped this wee's Gateway with a letter from E.N.T. asking the pertinent question, "Quo Vadis?—whither goest thou?" Or, what makes you professors tick, and keeps you ticking?

Never let it be said that I refused to take a dare. What, apart from economic necessity keeps me at my job? What is the faith and fire within? What do I hope to accomplish?

Let's start at the root of the question. "Man is a reed, the weakest thing in nature, but a thinking reed." Man has created for himself an environment, a world of machines, and sometimes it seems that he will be destroyed by the machine he has made. Not only does it show diabolical skill in destroying his body, but gradually, by sheer mechanization, it seems to destroy his spirit, his zest for life, his creative force.

Can man dominate this environment, or must he pay the penalty of other species of animal life that failed to make the adjustment—total extinction. Not a bad fate perhaps, if one went out with a bang, but, from all we can learn, it is usually a low and painful process. Has man any faculty he can employ to assist this adaptation? Only his intellect, his power of thought; without this he is the weakest of animals.

And am I optimistic enough to think that education is going to help? I am. A hundred years ago reformers believed that if the whole population was taught to read millenium would dawn. People were taught to read, and about all most of them could read was advertisement; they became the prey of the producer. It is another big step to train people to think, and it is only recently that any attempt has been made to get the whole of the population thinking about problems that concern its welfare.

In every age there have been certain spheres that were closed against the enquiries of the ordinary individual. For a long time religion was cloaked in mystery; at another period sex was on the tabu list. In our age, it is the financiers and the economists, yes, and the lawyers, too (I might as well cross swords with all of you at once), who are the high priests, shrouding their activities with mystery and esoteric occultism. Gradually even their preserves are being invaded.

Let us risk a few sweeping generalizations in an attempt to see, in some sort of perspective, the problem that confronts our own age. (I like sweeping generalizations; they're provocative of argument.) Let us say that the great contribution of the seventeenth century, in the field of learning, was the application of the scientific approach to a variety of problems; that the philosophy of the eighteenth century was dominated by the idea of order in the universe, nature forming a great chain of being, with each link in its own appointed place, from the lowest to the highest; that the nineteenth century upset this static view by the introduction of evolutionary theories, in the natural and in the social world. The twentieth century, so far, has contributed an awareness of the power of the submerged fourth-fifths, the "subconscious" in the human individual, the "masses" in the state. We have also produced individuals with considerable skill in exploiting the emotional nature of man, and regimenting the unthinking sections of society for nefarious purposes.

The next problem is to understand these forces better, in order to fuse them into a harmonious whole. We have made some progress with the individual; at least, we have made an honest attempt to understand our own emotional natures. A few pioneers in the realm of thought have even gone so far as to attempt the interpenetration of the subconscious by the intellectual. (In the field of literature I might mention James Joyce and Thomas Mann.) The aim is to achieve a fusion, not a separation, or a domination.

Have we gone as far with the social problem? There the layman is definitely made to feel that he is walking on holy ground. Twenty years ago I should have hesitated to mention the name of Freud in a class room. Now he is enthroned in a state of comparative respectability, but the name of Marx might raise a storm of protest. Why? Are we afraid that there might be some truth in Marx's theories of the masses? Do we feel that it is better to ignore a force as long as we can, to repress it by any means in our power, rather than study it as a problem and allow the clear light of enquiry to penetrate into the dark places in the state? Are we displaying the same prudery towards the body-politic that we accused the Victorians of displaying towards the body-physical?

Whether we like it or not, this is one of the problems we have to face if our simple desire for survival suggests to us that we have got to make a more complete adjustment to our environment. There are many kindred problems. Race is one of them. Our reactions are usually based upon either prejudice or sentiment; either we speak contemptuously of the "nigger," or admiringly of Paul Robeson or Marian Anderson. Neither approach views the problem as one that of pressing importance and demands a solution. A scientific study of the problem is only in its infancy.

You may ask what any of this had to do with the teaching of English. I would answer that each one of us, no matter what his particular work is, must devote some mental energy to personal and social problems. To do this our minds must be stimulated and toned; we must read intelligently; we must think through to a conclusion on problems that confront us; we must learn to evaluate authorities, and to estimate the forces that conditioned an expressed opinion; it is often a help if we can express our thoughts clearly and forcibly.

If this is your approach to life, you need never fear that it will be dull, futile, or sterile.

Are we making any progress? I wouldn't know. The human race has inhabited this planet for too short a time for us to talk in term of progress, and the span of individual human life is too short for us to estimate the value of changes. But, if we take a short term view, we can see that this war has speeded up the process of man's becoming aware of his perilous state. The next forty years may bring developments. Stick around. I'm going to.

correspondence

High River,
Oct. 31, 1943.

Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta.

Dear Sir, — We were fortunate enough to get The Gateway of Oct. 15th, and it gave us much pleasure to again have some contact with Varsity affairs. The paper was very good, we thought, but we were greatly surprised by one article in the "Features" department—namely, "Edmonton, the 49th State," by Richard Jackson.

Several of Mr. Jackson's comments rubbed us the wrong way. In our opinion it is a poor article to print in a Canadian paper. Obviously, writing a colorful story means more to the author than presenting the true facts.

As he says, the American policy of paying higher wages has placed a serious strain on the Canadian wage ceiling. But we see no reason for his treating this condition so lightly. At a time when our government is doing its utmost to keep down the spectre of inflation, surely if, as he suggests, Canadian wages were allowed to soar as did American, the resulting inflation would serve to lower rather than raise the standard of living. Mr. Jackson's opinion seems to be that Canada's program is a deliberate attempt to keep down the standard of living. Could his viewpoint have been warped by

"smoking American cigarettes and drinking American liquor"?

We found his statement that American troops are better dressed than ours very amusing, and feel it requires no comment.

We're sorry Mr. Jackson doesn't like the way the Canadian government erects its "temporary wartime buildings." We see no necessity, however, to waste valuable time, transportation facilities and money just to dress them up with California redwood. Furthermore, it is obvious that he is thinking of a minority of the U.S. buildings. And where are the "cheap clapboard Canadian structures"?

We are glad that Americans like Edmonton. But it is ridiculous to say it is becoming an American city. While American influence is strong, Edmonton's future will be determined by Canadians, not Americans. So let's avoid such smug assertions.

We found The Gateway very interesting, and it looks like another successful year.

Sincerely yours,

J. R. OGILVIE,
M. W. LITTLE,
W. J. ASTLE,
N. B. FLAVIN,
W. J. RIDDLE,
E. W. WOLFE,
JAMES B. GEE,
J. BALFOUR.

:: League of Nations ::

China's Hope

China's experiences with the League of Nations have not been uniformly happy, but she is aware that the failures of the League in the field of international political relations have been due not so much to the structure of the League as to the unwillingness of its dominant members to subordinate what appeared to them to be their immediate national interests to be greater interests of world order. It is believed by China that, when the present war is over, the victorious United Nations will have a fuller realization than they previously had that an international organization must be established which will have adequate authority and power for the maintenance of world peace and justice.

—Dr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze.

Based on Co-operation

With peace among nations reasonably assured, with political stability established, with economic shackles removed, a vast fund of resources will be released in each nation to meet the needs of progress, to make possible for all of its citizens an advancement toward higher living standards, to invigorate the construction forces of initiative and enterprise. The nations of the world will then be able to go forward in the manner of their own choosing in all avenues of human betterment more completely than they ever have been able to do in the past. They will do so through their own efforts and with complete self-respect. Continuous self-development of nations and individuals in a framework of effective co-operation with others is the sound logical road to the higher standards of life which we all crave and seek.

—Cordell Hull.

More Gradually, This Time

There must be a permanent international system (a "World Institution" Mr. Churchill has called it). I

indeed, that the future world organization for peace will have to grow up more gradually than the League of Nations that sprang fully documented (but unfortunately not fully armed) out of the head of President Wilson in 1919.

—Prof. G. M. Trevelyan.

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Co-ed Parade

The Old Order Changeth

"I want a boy who doesn't think that a girl should pet and a girl should drink.
I want a boy who doesn't drool like a poisoned pup in a vestibule.
I want a boy who can drive a car that doesn't stop at the nearest bar;
A boy whose stories are never shady;
A boy who's fit for a perfect lady."

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner eating his Christmas pudding. He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said, "Shucks, I wanted an apple."

We're seeing many different hair styles this fall. Individualism, that's it, none of the old "follow the leader" game. And bringing our eyes down from a gal's "crowning glory", the normal trend for clothes is following last year quite well—skirts, sweaters, dickies, shirts, jackets—comfort is the word!

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet eating her curds and whey. Along came a spider and sat down beside her and said, "How about a date, Babe?"

Nearly all of you will remember Mary Barbara Mason. Instead of treading these marble halls of learning, Mary Barb is in Wetaskiwin (that "city" to the south) treading different halls. The campus is poor because she is away, but richer for her being here.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jill came down with a crown (I thought she went up for water!).

All the disturbance about "women smoking" has cooled off, and the women are calmly puffing away,

blowing the occasional ring, just as usual—not that they ever stopped! Yes, some women should learn to smoke in some dark corner before smoke in public, and if they don't want to inhale, if they want their cigarette dangle loosely from their mouths, if they want to talk with a cigarette in their mouths, if they want to smoke "menthols," whose business it is but their own? As for it being an immoral, indecent habit, below even the prostitute, I believe that the writer of that article should perhaps have done a bit more thinking on the subject, or dug out his dictionary, or attended a few lectures on Society and the Standards that it sets today before he attempted to criticize others as strongly as he did.

Simple Simon met a pieman, going to the fair. Said Simple Simon to the pieman, "Hello."

I overheard two Freshettes talking the other day—eavesdropping, I know—but the trend of their conversation was this:

"Two stripes is a Corporal, one is a Lance-Corporal, three stripes is a Sergeant, one pip is a 2nd Lieutenant, two a full Lieutenant, but what in the name of heaven's does four stripes topped by a pip stand for?"

Yours truly, being of the same mind, also wondered—will someone enlighten us? I might add that Marguerite Hayes is the wearer of the "four stripes topped by a pip." I do not think that R.S.M. Bevan wears that same insignia.

Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock. The clock struck one—and the mouse went out to lunch!

Eyes Have Seen

By SNOOKS

Come, "Rally round," guys and gals, while we do a bit of scouting—scouting is good for the soul, the mind and the heart—especially when the objects under hunt wear skirts!

Joan Ross' hair style is worthy of much attention. Those bangs certainly make trouble for many a man's heart—gals, too, when she tries for hours to copy them and can't get anything more than a mess! How about a few lessons, Jo? What with "Sadie Daze" upon us, a bit of extra cash—well, need I say more?

Mary Bowstead warrants the title of "The Suit Girl"—takes more fingers than I possess to count them all up—and I still haven't room for that charming red one. What others I miss, I'll never remember. House Ecker Executive of Junior class, Jean Kaiser, is a topnotcher in that plaid jacket she sports these days—the rage of American campuses, too. Come around again, Jean.

Marge Graham—I hear she's planning to leave off the "ham" one of these days!—more chocolates for the Pi Phi's!—gives that ultra smart tailored look in her navy suit. We want more of that. If you're interested in "the big hold up," how's about taking notice of Lois Knight's plaid suspenders.

Mary Sterling, along with many others, is the proud possessor of two cashmere sweaters. If you see a big crowd in the Arts rotunda, with Mary in the center, you can rest assured that she must have one of the cashmere sweaters. Eyes saw her in a very smart tomato red, light

weight, wool shirt in Tuck t'other day.
For you all who might possibly have the chance—eyes have seen Lyn (Evelyn) Johnston's new lounging pyjamas. Red and blue they are, too. And Doty Ravenscroft—the Raven—looks "all glamour" in her quilted housecoat. I hear that she's got some cute blue pyjamas, too!

Hermie has a smart new coat, very soft beige wool with a quilted silk lining (de Pfyster is her last name, in case you didn't know). And why is it that dark people look so scrumptious in red? Eyes saw Dottie Ward the other day all dressed in red—and believes you me, the Eyes saw more than a single male scratch his head in that intensely interested manner that many of them possess.

Snooks saw, and sees all the time, some terrific looking males around. Needless to say, your Editor-in-Chief, Gerry Larue, still holds his own for well groomed, tailored clothes. Even messing around in The Gateway office doesn't fuddle him all up. And you who haven't seen Murray Macintosh, Jim McBride and Frank Black (among the many "dear" looking sailors around—"those sailor suits" must be quite a drawing card for "Sadie Daze").

Bill Simpson has a smart combination in a wine sweater and tie outfit—good show, Bill! And Quig—yes you all know, or have seen, as Eyes have, Frank Quigley in that chalk striped suit is worth writing home about—and then to your tailor!

All for now—Eyes shall perhaps see more... Goodbye.

SNOOKS.



Here's the perfect wardrobe for Ladies' Daze—can't you just see yourself in that adorable jumper dress escorting that B.M.O.C. to Tuck tomorrow. He won't forget this scalloped outfit very soon. It might even rate the Prom! And for the powder puff rugby game Saturday afternoon, under a warm woolly coat, what could be cosier than this viyella plaid shirt. Viyella shirts, you know, are the very latest. We hope the Joe you drag doesn't bring his books along so's you have to carry them, though.

On Choosing a Man

Well, gals, here it comes again—Ladies' Daze (alias Waw-waw Weekend—and again the female of the student species is out on the prowl. It must be wonderful for the fellows to know that they're about to get a repetition of The Approach. Although the Wauneta was only two weeks ago, it's time to start again and find a man to haul around—any man will do. With the shortage these days a girl is perfectly justified in pursuing the nearest creature in trousers. (Of course, sometimes she gets fooled, and ends up with someone's grandma who was on her way to her Victory Garden, but these days we can't be particular—"tackle at sight," is the best motto.)

There are numerous types of boys, and some men, to choose from on the U. of A. campus, but take my advice, gals, and grab yourself a medium-sized creature with a highly under-developed personality. With this kind of lad in tow, you can set off for the Ladies' Daze House Dance without a care in the world. Ply him with flowers, with attention, with flattery, and anything that's handy, and he's yours for the duration. This type will follow you around like a dog, which is most handy on a Saturday night when you can whistle and have a date just like that! Think of the jealousy this will arouse in the Hen-Saturday-Nite Bridge Club. You can have a lot of fun during the long winter helping Wilbur improve his mind. But don't let anyone know about him, or you'll be lost forever.

Now for the type to beware of—don't take the Glamour Boys. You'll just be miserable forever after. They never listen to what you say, they spend all their time scrutinizing the other girls or the ceiling, and when you speak to them, all you will receive for an answer is a dazzling Ipana smile, slightly weak at the edges, but which really reflects the disdainful character of your idol. It really isn't worth the joy you first feel at being out with your dream boy—you'll wear yourself out trying to amuse him, and you'll never attain that objective unless you hurl yourself under a train, or do some utterly foolish thing which would be hard on the wear and tear. And the weak laughter that would result is more discouraging than Xmas quizzes.

So remember, gals, no matter how much you are intrigued by those brown eyes, or those pearly teeth, or that wavy hair, take Wilbur out and you'll be assured of a good time for the year. He might even buy you a Xmas present if you treat him right. Oh, no, I must run... here goes that chap who looks like Humph Bogart, and I can't let that other gal get there first.

AS THE MEN SEE IT

Some of the men express their opinions on Waw-waw Week:
Jack Forster, Secretary of the Union: "I think the general student body is in favor."

Jerry Amerongen, President of the Union: "I certainly think we should have a Waw-waw Weekend."

Frank Murphy, Treasurer of the Union: "We'll have a house dance Saturday night, and that can be a waw-waw dance."

Morley Tanner, Business Manager of The Gateway: "The people who don't want it are just too old-fashioned, that's all."

John Koshuta, Law student: "I think we should have it."

Ken McFarlane, Gateway Circulation Manager: "S'all right."

THE WAILING WALL

by
zadoc

There is an impression general hereabouts that the origin of Ladies' Daze, late Waw-waw Weekend, nee Sadie Hawkins' Week, was practically yesterday. There is even an admirable piece elsewhere in this issue of The Gateway that strives to perpetuate this short-range view of history. Nothing, with apologies to Mlle. M. L. H-K., could be further from the truth. So you think this idea of the supreme female is novel, do you?

The story of predatory, man-eating female is as old as history itself. While descent as reckoned by the female side of the family is common enough, Tozzer points out that nowhere is a true gynocracy found (where the woman is head of the state). Aren't you relieved, men? This is not to say that this means that the women do not always rule anyway, of course. For illustration, the typically family group may be cited—the old question "Who wears the pants in this family?" is recognized as a purely rhetorical one, the answer to which would be of academic interest only. This is especially true of this "Rosie the Riveter" era, where Rosie, fortified with vitamins A to R, a large-sized cheque, and more hormones than is strictly decent, tells him (we cannot call the latter even husband) what he will cook for supper.

This being the case, it is no more than would be expected that in a university the more liberal male students should make some recognition of women's rights. They are saying, in effect, that not only should the true status of our skirted friends be implied, but openly admitted.

Certain vulgar cartoonists in our daily periodicals have had, no doubt, their influence. But long before this unfortunate cycle began we had our Wauneta, and before this our ladies' tags at every dance. Professor Salter, in his "Of College Spirit," protests that he cannot see what Sadie Hawkins has to do with college spirit. He then builds up a very convincing case for his interpretation of true college spirit. While his column was heartily enjoyable, let it be pointed

out that it was written mainly from one point of view, namely, that of the graduate looking back to his college days. Which is all right, except that it will naturally be a very different point of view than that found among undergrads. Being in some sense removed from the toils and moils of the bewildering stage of university life, the grad looks back with calmer eye, tends to evaluate the experience, and wonders why he didn't do differently, so help him. We students will doubtless do the same thing, and it is to be hoped we do.

And so, the staid alumnus, the professor, and even John Q. Public, thinks that much of the idea of fun found at even such an ultra-conservative institution as the University of Alberta is "cheap and silly," or at best, undignified. Their views to the contrary, even that fun of the more undignified kind is a part of college spirit, by tradition, and it contributes to morale. While the exam cat is away, the undergrad mice will play, one eye cocked for the return of the cat.

The point that I am trying to make is, that while there may be much forced enthusiasm which is passed as college spirit, while more worth-while attitudes are temporarily forgotten, let us not swing to the opposite extreme. "Ladies' Daze" may give the professors a pain, the public a sensation, and various sore-heads something to rail at, but this piece of innocent amusement is still a legitimate part of what, for want of a more sharply defined term, we call "college spirit."

It is probably too much to expect, but Zodaecrina hopes it gets at least one invitation from some Daisy. Its wit may be Johnsonian, but at least the corners of its mouth are not paralyzed into what looks like the positive half of a sine curve. Yea, Daisy! Yea, yea!

*For an account of the early matriarchal state, see Tozzer, A. M.: "Social Origins and Social Continuities," p. 168. (Don't be alarmed—we didn't expect you to.)
**Some double negative, eh, keep?

LADIES' DAZE

Here's What's Cookin'

At last—some originality!

This year the committee looking after the weekend when the girls "take over," have come forth with some brand new ideas, and one in particular which will doubtless cause much speculation.

After long consideration, they even decided on changing the name from "Waw-waw Weekend" to "Ladies' Daze." And have you seen the Proclamations? Some definite rules and regulations—much needed, too—have been formulated by Bob Hole and his stooges.

And the events to which each and every "Daisy" can escort her "Joe" are really somep'n!

On Friday night there's the Theatre Party at the Garneau theatre, and the Minister of Feminine Affairs has arranged a half-hour stage show for all your Daisies. Also reduced rates of admission, and to top it all off, prizes 'n' stuff. If you feel really giddy you can hold his hand in the dark, Daisy, 'n' be a wolf—mm!

Then Saturday afternoon, comes the revolution! If modern Daisies can be welders and invade the fields of industry, we argue why can't they play rugby? Some noble Daisies (and don't laugh, Joe) are ready to sacrifice their all to show you a real rugby game. They've planned a parade, trumpets blaring. Miss Winspear will kick off at 2:30 sharp.

The girls will wear full equipment, and promise you some real orthodox rugby. (Am I ever laughing up my sleeve, if I had a sleeve.)

It's going to be a team of House Eccers vs. a team composed of members from all other faculties. Those brave House Eccers! We hear they have a cheering section and real live cheer leaders, too! And you should see the water girls! We predict that next year the boys will be employing "bits of glamor" as water-girls to brighten up a game. We hear the Daisies are practising spitting, too—nothing like authenticity, gals!

In case of snow (some of the players have actually taken to praying for a blizzard), another event has been arranged, but your correspondent is confident that the weather man will be on Joe's side of the fence.

Comes Saturday night and the "Daisy Dance" will be in full swing in Convocation Hall. Daisy! Pullease! Get your Joe to change his socks a few days earlier than the proverbial Monday wash day. Admission, Daisy, is five cents per inch of his foot, so get out his slide-rule (poor Mads, what chance have they got?) and do a bit of calculating. Look for extremes, for the long and the short of it win prizes. There are novelty dances and refreshments (we hope!).

Then, chums, don't forget Tuck dates and observe the Proclamation rules—or else!

Punishment is to stand on a soapbox in the Arts rotunda and proclaim to all present that you are a Lazy Daisy, and what crime you have committed. That's the laughing "stock".

Individual Responsibility
In proportion as individuals in all countries of the world rise to an appreciation of their own interest in and relationship to the world community, institutions suitable for performing the functions of the world community will be created and will develop a power which will enable them to meet their grave responsibilities.

—Prof. Quincy Wright.

GIVE HIM BLOOD
TO LIVE



REGISTER AT YOUR NEAREST
RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR
CLINIC

Red Cross Seeks Blood Donors; Students Asked to Contribute

Every Monday the Red Cross Blood Clinic opens its doors to women who would like to donate their blood, and every Tuesday for the men. The clinic is in McDougall Church, and the entrance is the main entrance to the basement on 101st Street.

They are now sending out an S.O.S. to the students of this University for donations of blood. Before one goes there an appointment may be made by phone, and the process of the donating takes about an hour, all in all, from time of entering to time of leaving—a time which is reasonable for a Varsity student to spare.

The minimum age limit is 19, and, of course, you should be in good health. Before your appointment, you should eat a breakfast devoid of fats, as they, if they are present in the blood, make it insoluble, and it cannot be used to obtain plasma from. It is advisable, though, to eat a good breakfast of dry toast, fruit, and creamless tea or coffee,

or anything that does not contain fat. The Red Cross needs much more blood than they are now getting, and all the donations available from Varsity students are urgently asked for. After three donations, you will be presented with a pin, signifying that you are a regular blood donor.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

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How to Concut Yourself in a Gov't Office

1. When you enter the office, don't expect to be given a great deal of instruction. Just sit down and go to work; you will learn—perhaps!
2. Be sure to bring a good lunch; eating periods are observed often.
3. Don't stay out of the room more than half an hour at a time. A little work breaks the monotony, and causes the time to go by more quickly.
4. Coca-colas are kept primarily for the men in the service. Do not expect to drink more than four a day.
5. Do not be too conscientious about your work. Your conscience may keep you awake at night, and government employees must get their sleep. For those who find their social obligations prevent them from getting the necessary sleep at night, cots are provided for naps.
6. Be sure to bring a good supply of books and magazines to read. You will be expected to keep up with the latest topics of conversation, so that you may be able to converse well with those sitting near you.
7. Be sure to use your annual leave as fast as it can accumulate. Emergencies can always be taken from sick leave.
8. Make your plans ahead if you want sick leave. Someone else may be planning to be sick at the same time. Absenteeism is very popular nowadays.
9. You will be instructed as to what time of the month the General will make his inspection tour, and will be expected to look busy. Do not be afraid of him, however, for Webster says that general means "nothing in particular."
10. Once a year you will receive a "Deficiency Rating," and will be expected to be graded on the following:

Attitude: How well you pretend to like your work.
 Altitude: How high you can let your work pile up.
 Longitude: How long you can make a little work last.
 Latitude: How much you can clutter up your desk.

Prelude: How long it takes you to get ready for work.
 Postlude: How long it takes you to prepare to go home.
 Interlude: How long you spend out of the room.
 Etude: How much you play during the day.

Platitudes: How many instructions you initial and don't heed.
 Lassitudes: How much you sleep on the job.

Gratitude: How ungrateful you are that you have a job.
 Aptitude: How much longer you are apt to fool your boss.
 P.S.—If you follow these instructions carefully, you will be helping to prolong the war. The boys at the front may not be able to get their food and supplies on time, but why worry. Your gravity train will be pulling a caboose.

Adult Education

Last year the C.B.C. broadcast a series entitled "Of Things to Come." Because of the response that the series met with last year the Canadian Association for Adult Education has co-operated with the C.B.C. in planning a new series which will provide an opportunity for discussion on topics of interest to Canada.

In connection with these broadcasts, plans are being made so that groups all across Canada can be formed to listen to the broadcasts and discuss them afterwards. It is hoped that such a group will be formed to meet every Tuesday at 8:30 to listen to the series over CKUA, and then have a general discussion to exchange views.

Some of the topics to be discussed during the series are: "The New Demands—Right to Work," "The World We Live In," "The Seat of the Nation," "Schools Come First."

All those interested are asked to watch The Gateway for further notices on this group.

Secretary, at registration time: "Have you a reservation?"

Freshman: "Do I look like an Indian?"



(1) More than two hundred couples crowd the Macdonald Hotel ballroom at the Wauneta. (2) Bea Grant and Eileen Duke swing out—Pat Cochran and Archie Campbell swing in. (3) Dottie Ward, jitterbug queen, dons a beaded jacket for La Conga! (4) Chief Squaw, Laverna Quinn, presents luck winners Kay McLeod and Al Trott with war savings stamps. (5) Laverna tells the sailor how it's done.

Check-up on Charm

Let's talk about the most interesting person in your life—you. Every woman wants to be charming, and charm is a woman's natural birthright, besides being something she can cultivate herself. You know when you meet a charming person and you know you like to meet that, and you, yourself, are as charming as you can be. Charm is a state of mind—you need not be born with perfect features—you need not be a beauty queen. And even if you are gowned in the latest mode, all is lost if you haven't that certain something that makes for self-assurance, poise and a lasting impression on those you meet.

But first of all, you must realize that you can't be really charming unless you are immaculate in the care of yourself. If you have a few minutes free now, get a piece of paper and pencil and keep track of your score. Give yourself five marks if the answer is honestly "yes" for these first questions. Have you got that paper and pencil now? You can pass with honors if you answer "yes" to all these:

Do you use a face brush?
 Do you refrain from applying new make-up on top of the old?
 Do you avoid face powder caking?
 Do you always use a good foundation cream?
 Do you always without fail remove make-up before going to bed?
 Give yourself five marks for each answer "yes," a total of 25 points. Then answer these:
 Do you always use a hand lotion?
 Do you give yourself or get a weekly manicure?
 Do you apply cuticle oil nightly?
 Do you keep your nails filed,

SERVICE MEN LIKE LETTERS

BIDS TO BOYS

When Daisy's doing her wooing, anything goes!

Are you there? Well, I say, old man, it seems I'm some comic strip character named Daisy Mae, and you are my fiancé, L'il Abner. It is my privilege to ask you to step out for a spot of tea. Isn't it jolly?

Well, hi there, Jackson, give me some skin. I'm lookin' for a bookin' for the do that's cookin'. If you're no square, or no long hair, I'll see you there.

Hey, Boit, this is Moit, your skoit. How's for reelin' down to the greasy spoon come Saturday night? I'll be down to getcha, but not in no taxi.

never using scissors?

Do you keep the cuticle back, avoiding hangnails?

Another 25 marks, if you can answer "yes" to all these. If you can't, now is the time to start making yourself a glamorous "Betty Coed," by making it possible for yourself to answer "yes" to all the above questions.

No doubt the college men who all went in the service this summer have already made clear to their friends that they want letters, newsy and frequent ones, when they reach some far outpost. The Office of War Information, after a survey among men in the service at home and overseas, reports that mail from home and friends—the right kind of mail—is one of the most vital factors in building and sustaining morale.

The men in Army and Navy Specialized Training Programs in colleges, other college men in camps, the boys on battleships and submarines, or manning tanks and machine guns on foreign fields, are made happy by letters that give them information about:

1. Girls back home.
2. News about friends at home.
3. Changes in social relations (who is marrying whom).
4. Past events, places they used to visit, and the community's night life.

They like to read that the family is "okay and busy"—and they don't like gripes about privations at home.

"Letters sometimes seem more important than ammunition," Major-General Lewis H. Brereton, Commanding General of the American Forces in the Middle East, said in a broadcast from New Delhi.

Advice to the college student writing a soldier overseas: Use V-mail forms wherever possible. If this is not advisable, include your return address in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, and allow plenty of white space on the envelope for forwarding data by the postmaster. Write on one side of the paper. When letters are censored, the material is actually cut out with scissors, thereby destroying, unnecessarily, harmless material on the reverse side.

Thus far, more than 50,000,000 pieces of V-mail have gone to our boys overseas—and not a single letter has been lost. If a batch of V-mail fails to arrive because of a mishap at sea, the postman can send it along again because the film is still available.

Satisfactory Substitute

"Did Emily get that six-shooter she spoke of providing herself with as a protection against burglars?" "No; she got a six-footer."

Says Your Sergeant Major

By Marguerite Hayes, R.S.M.

"She's far away the worst friend we ever had."

When she's far away it makes us very glad."

Of the many ranks in the army, the R.S.M. always seems to be the crossiest, the meanest, and the loudest-barking of them all. Apparently our army is no exception, for the other day a report stole back that one of the girls thought "the R.S.M. all right, but she's always shouting at us about something." Just to give another side of the question, I'll try to tell you what the women's army looks like through the eyes of that unfeeling dictator.

All the officers and N.C.O.'s are really very human, you know. The first parade we stood with knees quaking, wondering if that right turn we made was really as bad as it felt. There, in front of us, were hundreds of Freshies, all huddled together over the campus. It must have been the realization that they were quite lost in all this new procedure that suddenly snapped us to our senses. To our surprise the parade was quite a success. The raw recruits were only about one-half as dumb as we had been told raw recruits were and, except for a few slips (one group of N.C.O.'s marched smartly away from where they were supposed to go), everything went smoothly.

At the end of the parade, Captain Owen called sharply "R.S.M." That first, gusty "Parade—Dismiss!" made me realize with a start that maybe I had the traditional bellow after all. Since then the Women's Army has made progress by leaps and bounds. At first I wondered if the girls would always stand with shoulders slightly slouched, but now the command "At-ten-shun!" brings a smart click of the heels with shoulders erect. (Well, it nearly always does.)

There have been many times in the last few weeks when a stern demeanor was an almost impossible accomplishment. There was the time when one sergeant, without batting an eyelash, marched her platoon through the ranks of another standing at attention. And, of

course, there was that first day in the Drill Hall. One platoon marched gaily down the hall, and without realizing it, left its own sergeant to obey the commands of another while its own N.C.O. shouted in vain for them to "about turn!" At first, of course, some of the sergeants had quite a time reconciling their soft voices, only used to murmuring "Thank you" for cokes, to the harsh raucous notes required in that mass of orderly confusion which constitutes a "drill hall parade."

And now we come to the present. Sometimes, if you could see our platoons, you wouldn't wonder that I keep shouting. I lie awake at night visualizing a smart Women's Army doing turns with the exactness of a precision squad. Then, "Number Seven Platoon, pick up your feet on the about turns." Really—sometimes I think their soles are glued to the ground. "Number Five Platoon, look in on those wheels"—as the girls got out of step, out of line, and generally out.

Of course, the last few days we've been having "route marches." As we go swinging down the road the first grave encounter is with the Air Force. Imagine what happens to my composure when several of these trained men start whistling "Our Sergeant Major." In spite of all, one manages to keep that "military look." "Laft, right, laft, right"—Oh, if only I could do something about those people who are always out of step, or worse still, those unhappy "soldiers" whose arms and legs are so synchronized that when the right foot steps forward, the right arm automatically shoots out.

Happy at last that I have succeeded in getting the first four platoons in step, I give my shattered nerves and voice a rest. An instant pause! There is a dull shuffling sound, and—"Laft, right," it starts again. "And swing those arms—up, up." Wearily I wish that they could only see how much better a platoon looks when arms are brought shoulder high. My

thoughts might be recorded as follows: "That girl in Number Six Platoon, if she would only stop swinging her arms at her elbows, and the girl next to her, who flaps hands as though she intended to fly..." "Up, up."

Then, "Oh, my gosh—must some people take me so literally," for here, beside me, doing her best to please, is one of the Freshies taking giant strides, her hand flaying high above her shoulders, resembling one of Don Quixote's windmills. "Laft, right, laft, right," I hear from Sergeant Cruikshanks at the rear of the column. Worn to a frazzle by this time, I take up the challenge, "Right, laft, right, laft," until a groan from the column and a quick change of step makes me realize the error of my ways.

Finally, we form up again. The five o'clock whistle blows, and the "Dismiss" is lost completely in the stampede as the women's army, forgetting that they are no longer on parade, forgetting to counter four—"One, two, three four"—makes a mad dash for the door.

I should like to end this little harangue on a more serious note. In the army we are obtaining invaluable training—we are learning the value of discipline, learning how to walk properly and to work together as a unit. The N.C.O.'s and officers are obtaining experience in handling groups of people, and all of the girls are receiving drill which will stand them in good stead if they ever go on active service.

It really has been a lot of fun—the hours our army has practised together. The improvement has been wonderful. It was not without a little pride that I watched our last route march, and heard that an Air Force Sergeant had pointed us out to his men as a good example. We have proved that the women of the University can handle their own training without the assistance of the men, and I'm sure that when we are inspected next spring, our army will be as good as any other unit on the campus.

The Blonde Sonata

Allegro ma no troppo

Green drizzle day, the soft erotic weather,
 I wandered, angel in the clouds and thought

With Plato's opal metaphor of cities
 And Aristotle's fairyland precision.
 Debated fortune, circumstances—
 when zowie
 That waitress in the tavern brought
 me down.

Tiara lace on tassel of gold hair,
 Trim-breasted, crescent-thighed, and
 tulip-ankled,
 Eye robin's egg, impertinent moist
 lip,
 Finger that brushed my finger on
 the wine list—
 Space whistled in the gyroscopic
 room;
 Philosophy like wrens in panic scattered.

Hours later, Greek,
 I knew your "pathei mathos," victim's knowledge;
 Effeminate man, his eunuch mind
 caressing,
 Plans all and nothing anvils. Dreams
 drifter,
 Begets the blood-and-sex-devoid-
 abstraction,
 Thought's elegant pansy lipping in
 the brain.
 Theory that has no iron hands to
 grapple.
 Or, less, than brute, the fire and
 iron thorax.

Artist with fiji hair gets inspiration—
 The chips of marble thigh like
 bullets sizzle
 Until in shop or plaster gallery
 goggles
 With pebble eye the flu-inducing
 Venus.
 Who sleeps with her has moan for
 madrigal.

That cretin stone alone is art's
 eugenic.
 Blonde darling is our thought or
 pasly, never
 Thing of our hand, though hotly
 kissed and bedded.

If you would sound your mouth, O
 talkative artist,
 Conceive your peacock soul before
 it was.

We play all games with counters not
 our own:
 The fertile and sequoia-shaded
 planet,
 The deltas of the blood, the cordage
 muscle,
 The brain's tight crumple of Alladin's blueprint.

For plane and snug amour, the kits
 are given
 With full design, prefabricated
 pleasures.
 We only seize; another planned and
 scattered
 Mechanics of our oechery and grandeur.

When lovers
 From chapel stealing nuzzle in the
 lilac,
 Sigh (pretty fools), "Our passion,
 our caresses,"
 Jesus, his wife succeeding, laughs
 in heaven.

Nothing of earth is nerved and
 reaches climax
 However much our zasu palms are
 weaving.
 Strip waitress, lonely traveller, strip
 and wonder:
 See in the starlit eye, the moons of
 muscle,
 The masculine hand of god who
 never dreams.

—John Frederick Nims.
 (From a magazine of poetry.)

IN THESE TIMES

All homely things are lovelier now;
 The commonplace is best.
 So much we had we did not need—
 Were we too greatly blest?

But now through little simple ways
 Fate leads us by the hand.
 How long it took our eyes to see,
 How long to understand.

—Charles Hanson Towns,
 New York Times.

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 and sustaining physical and mental fitness, and WOOD-
 LAND is milk always at its wholesome best.

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 MILK . CREAM . ICE CREAM . BUTTER . CHEESE

Features

WOMEN

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

Lieut. Comdr. Mildred H. McAfee, director of the Women's Reserve, U.S.N.R., and president on partial leave of absence of Wellesley College, announced in the Memorial Chapel this morning a gift of \$25,000 from Mme. Chiang-Kai Shek, wife of the President of China, to the Mayling Soong Foundation, bearing Mme. Chiang's maiden name and established in June, 1942, in honor of the 25th anniversary of her graduation from Wellesley.

Miss McAfee said Wellesley College accepted the gift "and assumes with its acceptance the responsibility of exerting more effort than ever to introduce students of the West to the cultural heritage of the East."

—New York Times.

I waited there for a while; then Madame Chiang came in—slim, smart, as neat as a Cartier jewel. She was even more attractive than in her pictures. Her long, lively eyes were remarkably handsome. Her ankle-length black dress was something of a compromise between a regular Chinese gown and a Western dressmaker's creation. So was everything else about her: half Chinese, half Western.

She spoke perfect American, with quick wit and finesse. There was something American, too, about her mixture of efficiency, cleverness, and charm. What she said was always intelligent, strikingly worded, and sometimes very moving—but never did she relax: she worked all the time, and suddenly she would look quite tired and weary, as if the effort was just too much for her. "I almost felt like saying to her: 'I have lived for years near a great woman. I know, from having watched Marie Curie, how difficult it is to be famous, how heavy is the burden. While I am here, why don't you just forget me, close your eyes and rest? You need it.' But I did not dare."

With what unflinching grace, with what conviction she did her little important job—that of China's first propagandist! The smallest details showed her precision of mind, her conscientiousness. For instance, I was only one of the visitors whom she had to receive that afternoon. She knew everything about me, from my past writing and lecturing to my assignment as a correspondent.

I said that I was going back to India. At once Madame asked whether I should see Nehru. She knew him well and had seen him on her recent trip. She spoke of the Hindu leader with intense interest and admiration, with something that resembled hero worship.

I knew that one of her most wonderful achievements was her personal adoption of some forty thousand war orphans. She saw to it that they should be given excellent care and made to do useful war work. We also spoke of Colonel Chennault and of the American Volunteer Group, of which Madame was an honorary commander. In her informal speeches she used to call the tough, courageous Yankee fliers, "My angels with or without wings... my boys!"—and she was so good-looking that the "boys" liked to be called "angels" by her.

I liked to imagine this extraordinary couple, the Generalissimo and Madame, marching forward on their difficult path with a sword and a Bible as their weapons, followed by a legion which consisted, not only of soldiers in arms, but of Party men, scholars, Y.M.C.A. workers, adepts of the New Life Movement, Christian missionaries, and Chinese men and women of all walks of life. The Chiang Kai-Sheks were attempting, not only to clear China of her foreign invaders and her own Quislings, but to clear her also of her deep-rooted vices. They were chasing the opium smokers—actually condemning the inveterate ones to death. They were denouncing the traditional custom of "suicide" of the eternal Chinese "no can do" attitude, which meant at the same time, "I can't do this" and "I don't care." They were trying to rally all the Chinese under their "One Government, One Party, One Army, One Enemy" banner, to teach them a common discipline.

—From "Journey Among Warriors," by Eve Curie, in Omnibook Magazine.

Wilhelmina of Holland

Fifty years ago, on the balcony of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam, a little girl clutched her mother's hand and looked down at the crowds milling and cheering in the square below. Her father, King William III, had died and 10-year-old Wilhelmina was Queen. "Mamma," she said, "do all these people belong to me?" "No, my child," answered the shrewd Queen Emma somewhat sadly, "it is you who belong now to all these people."

And when Hitler raged at her refusal to fly the swastika flag at the marriage of her daughter, Princess Juliana, to German Prince Bernhard, Wilhelmina wrote the dictator: "This is the marriage of my daughter to the man she loves, not the marriage of the Netherlands to Germany."

When she was 13, Wilhelmina visited Queen Victoria of England.

The Widow of Windsor was in an unusually jovial frame of mind, had the Scotch pipers play for her young guest, and allowed Wilhelmina to watch a levee through a mirror from a dressing room behind the throne. Victoria made an unforgettable impression, and the child went home to ask: "Mamma, if I do my work well, will I be as great as Queen Victoria?"

Her orders are quick, clear, and final. The motto of the House of Orange is, "I will maintain."

—Frederick Sondern Jr., in Reader's Digest, April, 1940.

Eleanor Roosevelt

The newspapers these days are full of wars and rumors of wars, but I do not think the contention that this country is in need of a society to keep us out of war is well founded. Have we decided to hide behind neutrality? It is safe, perhaps, but I am not sure it is always right to be safe. Every time a nation which has known freedom loses it, other free nations lose something too. This country knows that at some time amputations of freedom must cease and the world knows that the weight of our resources must be thrown on the side that will permit us to open a newspaper without wondering what new nation has been enslaved.

—From Reader's Digest, June, 1939.

The trouble is that so many of us like only to associate with people who think as we do. We like only to read such things as we agree with—and yet we know that minds, like tools, must be sharpened on something harder than themselves. A different point of view acts like a harder metal and keeps our wits sharp.

—Eleanor Roosevelt in 68 newspapers to 4,438,000 people.

Madame Molotov

Moscow, March 14, 1937. Marjorie went to Madame Molotov's luncheon. It was quite extraordinary—a group of wives of the commissars, all of whom are actively engaged as engineers, doctors, or factory managers.

Madame Molotov, wife of the Premier, is a member of the Cabinet and has been Commissar for Fisheries and is now Commissar for Cosmetics. She is a very extraordinary woman. The manner in which she has established these very chic perfume shops and cosmetic beauty parlors indicates a great deal of executive direction. She and the rest of these serious-minded women who are engineers, physicians, etc., found great interest in Marjorie, particularly in the fact that a woman of her type should be so much interested in serious business matters and should herself be "a working woman." This idea of having a "hen luncheon" is something novel in Soviet experience, as I am advised.

Moscow, March 14, 1937.

Marjorie told me of a most interesting talk she had with Mme. Krestinsky the other day. Mme. Krestinsky is a physician and the wife of the Undersecretary of State. She is in charge of the hospitalization of women and children in Moscow. She is of the comfortable type of middle-aged woman, with a very handsome head and face. There is no doubt of her sincerity and fineness. In response to Marjorie's inquiry, she said, "This government is not against religion, as such. Our people simply had to take steps to prevent the abuses of religion from destroying our people."

—From Joseph E. Davies, Diary, March, 1937, in "Mission to Moscow."

The Girls of Russia

Moscow, Oct. 16.—The most notable features of recent developments in the educational field in Russia are the measures providing for separate schools for boys and girls in urban districts, the appointment of military experts to conduct drills and pre-conscription classes, the drive to improve the teaching of Russian history and foreign languages, and the launching of a resolute campaign to improve discipline and conduct. Although it has been pointed out that the trend toward militarization in Soviet schools was intended to give children a real military education, the time spent even in the highest forms of military training is relatively short, in fact, considerably less than that spent in the English public schools. Two hours weekly are the maximum in boys' and girls' schools devoted to military training. Until children are 13 years of age only physical drills are given. Girls then for two years study first aid and hygiene for one hour weekly, and then specialize in radio, telephone and first aid. Boys start pre-conscription military training at 16. It is wrong to exaggerate the significance of the trend toward militarization.

—From the New York Times.

Here I saw a 15-year-old girl from the Kirov works. She was a pale little girl but with wonderful strength of character in her face, so typical of all the people who have survived hitherto in Leningrad. Yes, she said, she had often been shelled; only the other day an incendiary shell hit the workshop where she

bivouac

By Jack Settle

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was sent to The Gateway by an ex-student, John R. Settle, who is at present stationed at Currie Barracks, Calgary. We are quoting an excerpt from his letter which was attached: "... In closing, I just want to remind you all that in Russia and China, where the danger is imminent, boys and girls of superior intelligence are still sticking with their studies, for two reasons: first, to help the war effort with their knowledge, and second, to give themselves the necessary training to meet the problems of the post-war world."

Under the wide and starry sky, close as can be to nature and Mother Earth, the boys of B Coy. have the great privilege of living for many weeks of each year. Experience, they say, is the best teacher, and at that low temperatured spot out towards the foothills there is certainly no lack of teachers. Training is tough, and takes the form of all such things as crawling under fire, crossing rivers by rope and otherwise, and shaving in ice cold water at six-thirty a.m.

Let's go out on a typical day with the boys, and see just what you civilians are missing. First of all, we hear vaguely in the distance the pleasant—well, anyway, the call of the bugler, doing his very best with chattering teeth against his renowned bit of hardware to encourage the boys to rise and shine despite the frost on the trees and the ice on the water.

From under four blankets a hand appears for an instant, but vanishes quickly as it meets our rarefied mountain air at its freezingest. Again the "horn" blows, and with the first scent of bacon, the rest of Joey appears, wrapped in pyjamas, beneath which are two sets of underwear, two sweaters, and a battle-dress suit.

With much courage and shivering, he gathers dead sticks and, recalling his boy scout days, lights a fire with one match. Then after piling it up with larger pieces of wood he slides close to the meagerly rationed heat and dresses for the day, replacing the battle-dress with damp coveralls, and (since he is a man of considerable fortitude) leaving off the pyjamas and both sweaters. The little can of water is now bubbling enthusiastically, so digging out his razor, he begins hacking at the last twenty-four hours' growth.

Next, breakfast call is blown, and after standing in line for fifteen or twenty minutes, Joey returns to his fire, carrying in his mess tins steaming porridge, that bacon we smelled a while ago, two eggs, coffee, and his full ration of dirt, which he devours with an appetite found only in men of the open air.

At last, with full stomach, polished boots and glistening rifle, he stands in strict line awaiting inspection. Two officers and an N.C.O. walk past, eyeing him very closely. Each one in turn examines his rifle—sights, bolt, trigger, woodwork and barrel—grunts, hands it back and passes on to the next victim. There is nothing in the army more useful than a man with a dirty rifle. You know—spuds must be peeled!

Now begins the day's training. Loaded with his sixty odd pounds of equipment (and thanking his lucky stars because this time no one has wished the Bren onto him), he doubles out to the training area, which is just around the corner, and four or five miles down the road. During the next few periods he indulges mainly in running, learning military secrets, running, learning to crawl all over again, running, fieldcraft and running some more. Since we are not energetically inclined, let us begin our walk back through these pleasant woods, and meet Joey again shortly after lunch, when the boys are gathered around the foot of a big tree, meeting for the first time the stout-river crossing rope.

This rope is tied about thirty feet up the tree, is about sixty or eighty feet long, and extends high over the water to the opposite bank of the river. The idea is to climb the rope, carrying with you all your equipment (including the rifle), hook your feet over the rope, and pull yourself across with your hands, monkey style! Some make it, some don't and splash! The more unfortunate ones are quickly pulled out by their buddies.

The hour has arrived, and the boys utter many and varied exclamations as they see the rope, and learn what they are to do. Several hearts skip a beat or two, and Joey's is one of them. "Holy smokes," he pipes, "they're tryin' to make a monkey outa me."

As his turn comes up, Joey grasps the lowest branch of the tree and with a mighty heave, pulls himself upward just as the others did before him. Up and up, until his hand touches the rope. For just a moment he looks down and whistles lightly as he realizes just how far above the water he actually is. The ripples chuckle invitingly. "Not today," says Joey. "I'm going over there!"

With that he grasps the rope, turning his back towards that goal, the opposite side. Then his feet swing up, and with a heave he moves along the rope. Hand over hand, dragging his feet along behind, he merges from the thick foliage of the tree and swings out, high over the water. Foot by foot he progresses, more and more slowly as his muscles begin to rebel. But finally, with a few mighty pushes, he is able to place his feet once more on the good earth. Bending down, Joey pats the grass affectionately, then sits down to watch the others to follow.

One of the things I like about the army is the variety aided by its unconventionality. For instance, when at last the boys are all across, do they return by way of the bridge close at hand? Why, of course not! That's conventional. Instead, they all wade into the icy water and form a human chain.

The afternoon is finished, and with the first scent of cooking supper the boys are broken off, but warned not to go away. In the evening we meet them again, and falling into line march about half a mile to a sandy bar in the river. On one bank, far over on the cliffs, we can see two red lanterns, midway between which, we know, sits a target. In a line with our position, but on the opposite bank, we see flashlights moving about, at the point where two machine guns are emplaced.

Suddenly there is a series of cracks and whizzes, and just a few feet above our heads, even though we have ducked instinctively, streaks appear in the night sky. Then more, and more; and not until the first half minute or so do we muster up courage enough to take a real look. But when we do—oh, I say!

Directly above us are two long colorful lines, crossed brightly against the black of the sky. Watching the bank near the target we see the tracers hit their marks, many ricocheting high into the darkness like sparks from a welding torch.

At last the ammunition is spent, the bivouac fires are burning low, and the boys are drowsy with well earned weariness. Singing, quietly, or chatting amiably, they spread their blankets once more. Then sitting close to the warmth of the fellowship around the glowing coals, they light their cigarettes or pipes, and enjoy a few moments of peace and relaxation.

HISTORY 60

A hunter got lost up in the Maine woods, and late at night stumbled up to a house and banged on the door. A window upstairs shot up and a sleepy head, complete with night-cap, was shoved out: "Whad-dye want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Well, stay there." And the window banged shut again.

"Now, you men," roared the sergeant-major as he dismissed the company, "you will parade again at two o'clock precisely. And when I says two o'clock precisely, I don't mean five past, I mean five to."

"A violent attempt by the enemy to hamper the Axis disengagement and to interrupt our systematic advance to the rear was successfully repelled."—Captain Sertorius, German Military Commentator.

was working. There was a fire, and two Stakhanovite girls were burned alive.

She said it without callousness, but very calmly. It was clear that she and the rest of them were determined to see it through. And nobody at the Kirov works ever expresses the desire to be transferred to a safer factory. It is a point of honor. And honor is the dominating feeling in Leningrad.

—Alexander Worth in the New York Times Magazine, Oct. 17.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

Political Economy is Political Economy wherever you are exposed to it, be it down east or out west. Fr instance—Stephen Leacock, who is a professor in that very subject, was calling the roll one morning. Only half the class was there, but "Here" was called out after every name he read, until he got to one lad near the end of the list and was greeted with dead silence. He paused a moment, repeated the name, and then asked sadly, "Has this poor man no friends?"

Let us softly kiss, my dear,
Some other time.
Whisper sweet nothings in your ear—
Some other time.
I'd love to hold you tightly,
Or chatter with you brightly,
But you're so darn unsightly,
I have to screech it highly:
"Nix, sister, why doncha try
Some other guy?"

Her nose is pug,
Her cheeks are flame,
But I don't care,
'Cause just the same
I like her.

She goes with fellows,
Full a score,
But I don't cuss
Nor worry for
I like her.

International World

By Don Cormie

CANADA—NATION OF WINGS

The Air-age is upon us. It now remains for Canadians to decide whether we are going to master it—or whether we are going to let it master us. The axis have, with their boundless aims and ambitions, exploited aviation to make the world go along their way, and the allies have been forced to take to wings merely to stop them. But either way, there is no going back to the solid earth for rapid travel. The air-age is here to stay, and it will prove to be a decisive factor in the future.

Before the age of aviation, the steamer reduced the size of the world into three great ocean basins. The British made the strategic move of taking the passageways connecting these oceans. There are only ten—two are man-made. England controlled nine of the ten, and by treaty partially controlled the tenth. In this way you could say that Britain has strategically controlled the world for the past century.

But the air-age has completely changed the strategic map of the world. It now takes much less time to cross the world than it took Caesar to cross the Mediterranean. Just take its effect on war. In the battle of the Coral Sea, there was more tonnage sunk than in any other naval battle in the history of the world—except, perhaps, Pearl Harbor. But the surface fleets were not within 200 miles of each other. In the Battle of Midway, both fleets were not within 24 hours sailing time of each other, and yet 50,000 troops were drowned and 17 vessels were sunk. The Prince of Wales and the Repulse were sunk in 28 minutes by a dozen Japanese aircraft that cost \$4,000 apiece. This would seem to speak for itself on the importance of aircraft. Some of you may have doubted that the battle of Waterloo was won on the fields of Eton—but there is no doubt but what the Battle of Crete was won in Hitler's Glider Clubs of 1934. We were just caught unprepared for the possibilities of aircraft in war.

Peacetime Possibilities

But the air-age has vast peacetime possibilities, too. The hop from Akilavik to Eurasia is the same as from Vancouver to Montreal, and the weather is more settled. According to Admiral Byrd, the best flying conditions over the Arctic Ocean are found 10,000 feet up, where the average temperature is 57 degrees below zero. In New York, the best flying conditions are 20,000 feet up, and the temperature is 77 degrees below zero. This would seem to indicate that the airlines of the future will more and more tend to pass over the Arctic. Some day we may find a first-rate airport on Ellesmere Island. There is now an R. C. M. P. post there.

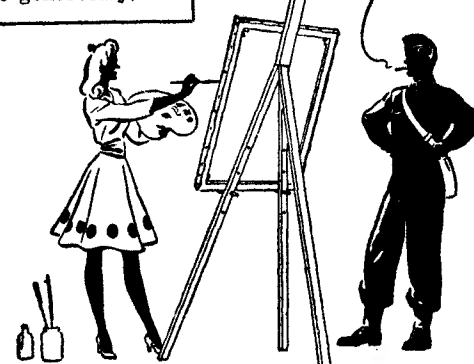
I think at last is coming realization that no place in the world is more than 60 hours flying time from our local Edmonton airport. Every day planes are spanning the Atlantic in 372 minutes. And these speeds are but tokens of what is yet to come. You can take the train to Toronto in 57 hours, or you can take the plane to Singapore in only 51 hours. That would place Singapore this side of Toronto in comparison. Do you want to fly from Edmonton

THE GOOD CO-ED HOSTESS

By Julius

1. She is always glad to see you.
2. She does not leave you in doubt as to what to wear.
3. She is simple and natural in manners, and direct and clear in speech.
4. She makes you feel at home with her, instead of just a spectator of her talents.
5. She makes you feel that there is something admirable about you.
6. She isn't tired.
7. Her mind is on you, not on some boy in the Air Force.
8. She makes things convenient for you.
9. She always feels and acts friendly and circulates.
10. She always lets you manage the evening, but is ready with first-aid measures for lagging spirits.

Remembrance Day
November 11
Poppies on sale as usual,
give generously.



"How long can you hold that pose?"
"As long as your Sweet Caps hold out!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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Laugh Parade

Something regrettable is happening to the world in which we used to live. Twenty-five years ago everyone hated work; it was regarded as the natural enemy of man. Now the world has fallen in love with it. My friends, I find, go for a week's vacation, not for its own sake, but because they say they work better when they get back. I know a man who walks out into the country every Sunday; not that he likes the country, but he claims that if he walks on Sunday his head is as clear as a bell for work on Monday. I know another man who wears very loose boots because he can work better in them, and another who wears only soft shirts because he can work better in a soft shirt. There are plenty of men today who would wear dog harness if they thought they could work better in it.

This change, I am sure, is excellent. I am merely saying, quietly and humbly, that I am not in it. Against work itself, I say nothing, but I sometimes wonder if I stand alone in this thing. Am I the only person left who hates it?

—Stephen Leacock in Laugh Parade.

William Gladstone's greatest admirer was his wife. Once she was entertaining visitors who fell into an argument over the meaning of a passage in the Bible. One of them, hoping to end it all, remarked finally, "There is One Who knows all."

"Yes," Mrs. Gladstone smiled in relief, "and William will be down in a few minutes."

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The Critic's Column

By DEMETRA SPILLIOS

On review this week is one of the early pictures of Hitchcock the Horror Man. Those of you who are regular attendees of flicker sessions, know that Hitchcock's directorial career has been current by the fact that the mind is quicker than the eye. Also, Hitchcock has realized as well as anyone that the popular drama is the action drama. People never seem to have enough things happening, but have to seek more accidents and twists of fate in their amusements. Consequently, melodrama is the range of the age, and American dramatists have done their best work at this. But again, as in everything else, you still have two choices (in the Tuck Shop, where there are two meals to choose from, you still have two choices when you get it on your plate). One choice is presenting a disguised Western and puerile Hollywood drama, or having something which, like

The 39 Steps

is a work of art. When seeing this picture you realize that every sequence, every word of dialogue, every minute of film footage is necessary and there in its proper place and time. Meden again—nothing too much, nothing too little. The person who can write or direct in that manner is a genius of technique, originality and timing. Hitchcock is such a genius. John Buchan's story, an action melodrama, and nothing more, is made into a psychological one. And how! Every actor in the picture is pulled by the director, the slightest movement is made with the idea of achieving the end the director has in mind.

The story starts out with Hitchcock's favorite signature—that of the camera moving backwards across a sign, thus putting the mind on the alert and working in a backward way. From then on Hitchcock makes your mind go backward or forward whether you're reactionary or progressive. An instance of his originality is the way he tells you that a concert is to begin by a shot of the orchestra, close up of the conductor, music, curtain. Hollywood would have lazily used its film with a long shot of the pit, conductor, etc., and not as Hitchcock used less film and in a more interesting way. It is through tricks like these that Hitchcock holds your attention. In this music hall, that almost consummate cinemast, Donat, meets through the riot precipitated by a shot, an attractive in her English way, spy moll, who is most willing to spend the night in his apartment (for security reasons). Gallantly for the Hayes office, Robert Donat sleeps in the living room while she occupies the bedroom. In the middle of the night, breaking into Donat's room, coughing violently, and warning that "they" will get him too, she bellyflops across his bed, and we notice that the cause of the lovely lady's discomfort is a twitching bread knife stuck between her beautiful scapulae. During the evening she has told him she was to visit a man in Scotland and to beware of a man with a little finger missing on his left hand. Donat pursued, fleeing and pursuing, by police, from spies and after spies, makes his escape on the Fifth of North Bridge. Unforgettable will be the little man in Donat's railroad compartment, whose eyes betray him as the spy whom Donat thought was dusted off back in London. Madeline Carroll, beautiful as ever, is the romantic appendage in the story who does not believe he is innocent and gives him up to the police twice. The second time to the spies who are celebrating Halloween a little early, being dressed up like detectives. Thereupon, with Donat, the silly girl realizes what nasty people spies really are. True to melodramatic form, the picture ends with the "criminals" brought to justice and Donat and Carroll joining hands for ever after.

Confirm or Deny
to foreign cinema audiences, that Don Ameche is the typical American. Movies are considered as effective as ambassadors, and this one certainly is of ill-will. Let me tell you. Ameche shines through the picture flashing his dentures as a living advertisement for Pepsodent. You no longer see a man before you, but a human fire siren howling that consolidated press supplies 9,000,000 people with news. He doesn't give a tinker's damn how he gets his news, whom he hurts when getting it, and the harm it might cause if published. Just news, news, news! It is highly improbable that

a highly responsible job would be entrusted to such an irresponsible newsboy. A few deaths, then the dawn, and he reforms, all in the well-worn tradition. Now the question is, America, like every other nation, is trying to sell its best side to other nations. Half-wittedly, Hollywood has sold the worst side. I have met and associated with Americans. I refuse to believe Ameche's crass and brass are their salient features. What a horrible picture of Americans will South Americans, Indians, Chinese and Russians have! Would you blame them if they didn't want to do business with such an exasperating screamroller?

Demetra

This being the Co-ed Edition of the newspaper, I have received a female baptism, as you will notice at the top of the column. It is quite an honor to bear the name of the Goddess of Harvest, but if anyone makes any cracks about wild oats, I'll beat his brains out, so help me!

Coming and recommended pictures:
Strand: Once Upon a Honeymoon. Superb actor Walter Slezak. Also Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant. War thriller.
Garneau: Mission to Moscow. Controversial and timely.
Princess: The Moon is Down. War picture by John Steinbeck.

L'il Abner-- Almost Classic

Do you want a liberal education? You won't get one at Varsity, heck no. Not just in the courses, anyway. For three or four, or half a dozen years, you strain and strive over countless books, listen to unnumbered lectures, study like the deuce every night of the Varsity term, all for the sake of a liberal education. But have you got one? No! One of the greatest cultural influences of our time has been completely neglected in your course of studies. From Babylon to Bohemia, you run the gamut of cultures; from Homer to Baronyan you devour all the classics; after the ancient, you cram modern poetry, modern art, modern novels—and where does it get you? It doesn't. One of the major—the major—intellectual, artistic, and emotional powers of the century is completely ignored. Nor does it enter into the extra-curricular student activities in any way. When the Philosophical Society holds a meeting, the Political Science Club a family get-together, or when two or three gather at an S.C.M. meeting—in any of these, or in any lectures, do you ever hear so much as a hint of the existence of little Abner?

I see you are dumb. (Anyone can see that.) Merely another example of the embattled ignorance of the lower middle classes. I shall proceed to enlighten you. There are things in the strips, comic and otherwise, which every faculty should know. For instance, does Allen Shaw, genius though he is, know how to explain the inexplicable physiological reaction on which Mr. Bashby intends to make a million? Not unless Miss Munroe told him. Can Bob Buckley explain the mechanics in Flash Gordon or Buck Rogers? Or does theologian Nix know from what verse in the Bible comes Popeye's expression, "I am what I am"? No. Nor can our psychologists explain Dagwood's visceral reactions or our lawyers understand the law as set forth in Jane Arden and Dick Tracy. Also, Mr. McManus's Maggie would be an interesting study in anatomy; and on Alley Oop, Mr. Wark could write his thesis, in history.

Some comic strips are worth reading. L'il Abner is almost a classic, and Al Capp a brilliant man. Blondie has—I mean is—a national figure. Jimmy Hatlo's "They'll Do It Every Time" has clever comments on contemporary nuisances. The boys that write these aren't dumb. Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse have entered our lives so much that we've lost without them. Cartoons are being used now to instruct our soldiers, and have long attempted to build up our civilian morale, with varying degrees of subtlety. Even today, the comics are an inebriated opinion-moulding influence in our lives. And The Gateway hasn't even got a comic strip. (No, Daisy, those are photographs taken during Waw-waw Week-end.) We're behind the times, my friends; these are the Waverly Novels of today.

Of course, a lot of comic strips are tripe. Little Orphan Annie is on a par with Shirley Temple; Dick Tracy and Jane Arden are on a par with S. S. Van Dyne; Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon are not quite as deep as Wells. And so on. But anyone who neglects to read L'il Abner, Blondie, Popeye, Mickey Mouse, Henry and a few others according to individual taste, is neglecting his education.

Re the fountain in the Arts rotunda. Has anyone noticed that the fountain has been taking quite a beating lately? Some thirsty wayfarer got desperate and gnawed off the business end of the contraption—no doubt the Dents have been having a field day on the poor Joe. Anyhow, must say it's an improvement.

Take Five

... by The Deacon

One day last week, in the Arts basement, I was casually standing beside the pigeon pens, reading everyone's mail, while waiting for a street car. Two bouncing co-eds flitted by in machine-gun conversation—and my ears sprung out to catch the theme.

"No wonder he doesn't sign his name. I wonder how many cobs he uses a week. Mabel told me it's even copyrighted, but it's so corny, he must copy it wrong. The Deacon—huh—what a silly name. I'll bet he's just an old fuddy-duddy!"

Naturally, such interest flattered me, and so, as much as I'd like to, I'll tell you about myself. I'm four feet seven, but I iron the wrinkles out of my forehead, I'm two feet taller. I am blessed with a coke bottle figure; 23 waist, and an 18 chest. I take a size 12½ neck—but any girl will do. My Adam's apple is as prominent as a man in a ladies' rest room. My hair changes color with the seasons, and every Christmas when I get a haircut, the barber rips the shirt off me, and runs a lawn mower up my back. I have heavily knitted eyebrows—pearled in 3-ply style. There is great depth to my eyes—caused by having so many fingers poked in them. As far as my mouth goes (approximately 4,782 miles a day), I have two rows of teeth that harbor about 40 shares in the Sullivan Mine. My teeth contain a few cavities. Now and then I clean these cavities out. I salvage such things as match sticks, egg shells, cigar butts, wads of old gum, and only yesterday I retrieved a tooth brush that disappeared into one of these cavities three months ago while I was dusting my molars. By the way, I prefer tooth powder to tooth paste because of the old say, "Don't take a paste in the mouth, take a powder." My nose? Well, I talk through it. I have to—it overlaps my mouth. My chest is slightly sunken. I used to work for a carpenter—he used my ribs as a step ladder. I'm a little pigeon-toed. In fact, if I didn't clip my toe-nails, I'd fly.

People say I'm cynical—but I can prove I'm as Irish as Paddy's pig. My ancestors came from Ireland, not from Cynic. Our name used to have an "O" before it, but it sounded too much like a chocolate bar. My favorite radio program is Green Hairnet, starring Curly Barebean. And as for hit parade tunes, "Mason's 48" is tops. I have a great voice myself. The other

night I was singing in my room when somebody knocked at the door and yelled, "Turn off the radio, I don't like Crosby." I just simply adore bright red neckties—"flamingo flame" is my favorite red, but people are always mistaking my ties for my tongue and vice versa. Some people say I talk too much. But it's a lie—I've never talked to Much in my life; I don't even know the guy.

Sometimes, in reference to me, I've heard others say, "I wish somebody would shut him up." As a matter of fact, somebody did. I was shut up in a reform school for two years. You see, money never meant anything to me; I never worried about having or not having any. But the store detectives didn't seem to see it my way. Anyway, I've only had my mouth closed once in my life. I got sick on a street car (that's a hell of a thing to eat anyway) and I had to hold it. Which reminds me, I can't stand sitting in a street car. I'll bet you can't do it, either.

Girls worry and bother me constantly. If I could only get away from them all. But alas, as soon as one (meaning a lass) sees me, I have to run after her. That isn't very manly for a character who used to be a boy cub. But I was thrown out for having the wrong attitude. One day after gently assisting a crippled old gent across the street, I told a blind, aged lady who also wanted assistance to get to hell, because I had done my good deed for the day.

If you asked anyone what course I'm taking at Varsity, they'd probably tell you I'm taking my time. I was leading my literature class until last week. In answering a question, I used the wrong grammatical construction. The prof sarcastically snapped, "Don't you know the King's English?" And I said, "No, is he?" A half-hour later I climbed down off the chandelier and apologized.

And so, if any of you charming co-eds want a break, just phone my secretary, Edelberg, state your qualifications, and in three or four years, when your turn comes, I'll take you out and let you buy me some cigarettes and a small steak. Now I must go down and have the brake linings in my tongue changed. The amazing thing is, I have lived all these years on nothing but food and liquids.

inci-DENTS

Bi-Cuspid

Greetings, Dents! Just a word or two to tell you that our new and very capable president of the Dental Undergraduate Society, Corporal Alan McDougall by name, was very pleased to see a 100 per cent turnout of the first year boys at our supper meeting (this took place way back on Oct. 7 at the Royal George, remember?). Actually, the turnout was only 98 per cent, a disgusting average for Dents. The blame, we blush to admit, is with the senior students.

Notice to first years: If your best friend sneaks up from behind, applies local anaesthesia to your back pocket, extracts a greenback from therein and disappears again into the shadows of the staff lab—have no fears; your club membership fee has been gratefully accepted by your class rep.

Last year we had 100 per cent membership of the school in the club. Let's do it again! (Note: A certain "black boy" commonly known as "Blondie Evans" finally paid his last year fees this week.) At the aforementioned meeting a portion of the newly drafted constitution of the D.U.S. was adopted, and working committees, including social, sports and publicity, were set up for the coming term.

The absence of D.U.S. representation on the Students' Council was discussed and decisions reached. The fact that dental students have neither representation indirectly through the medical rep. (and admittedly so) nor directly through a dental rep., resulted in a motion, unanimously passed, "that the meeting go on record as being strongly desirous that the School of Dentistry have direct representation on the Students' Union Council." Our president is aggressively behind this, and intends not only to have further discussion on the matter, but action in the near future.

The annual Dental Frolic is scheduled for Nov. 6. Once you've been to one of these (as every Dent will tell you), you either forget everything or have dear remembrance of it all your life. So let's attend. There will be fun and gaiety for all. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7 p.m., in M257, the D.U.S. will have its second meeting of the term. Read the agenda on the bulletin board beside M257. Dr. Hamilton will address the club, after which Dr. McLean will show some films. These talks and pictures promise to be very interesting and instructive, since they always have been in the past.

Belief Needed
Happily the facts of experience bear out the fact that international administrations can work, provided the countries which support them maintain their own belief both in the need for and the possibility of co-operative international action.
—The Bulletin, R.I.L.A.

Excerpt from Freshman Military Examination papers:
Question: Name three arms of the army.
Answer: 1, Present arms; 2, Slope arms; 3, Order arms.

THE MUMMERY

By JABEZ

Regina

I wouldn't want this to get around, girls, but I happen to know that the City of Regina hasn't a tree she can call her own. Take away all the trees she's bought or had given to her, and she'd be as naked as the day she was incorporated and twice as sore. Here's the story, but for goodness sake, keep it under your hat (that is a hat you're wearing). Thought for a moment you might have started braiding your ears).

Anyhow, it seems that there was nothing at Regina when the first pioneers rolled in with their covered wagons, except a couple of old cow skulls (too big for novelty ash trays), and a lot of wide, open prairie. You could see for miles in every direction, of course, but so could every body else, so that you couldn't get away with a thing.

This resulted in the invention of the outhouse, a utilitarian structure which caught the popular fancy in spite of many who dismissed it as a passing fad. One outhouse led to another, and soon a town sprang up on the bank of the river, spraining its back. This was to be Regina.

Mayor and Junior Board

A mayor was elected, a kindly man, whose first gesture was to release all prisoners from the jails. The fact that the mayor was himself in the jug at the time may, perhaps, have influenced his decision somewhat, but we mustn't quibble. A few days later a Junior Board of Trade was discovered in a shipment of bananas, and the town was open for business.

The members of the Board of Trade quickly realized that Regina wasn't going to attract many tourists with a couple of old cow skulls and a mess of open prairie where the tourists couldn't even work up a decent auto accident. So they started importing trees, all kinds of trees, until they had thousands of them piled up in the back yard. At this point, the question arose of who was to have the honor of planting the trees. Everybody turned out to be very unselfish and self-effacing about this, some even going so far as to hide under their garage in order to forego the privilege.

The Junior Board of Trade wasted so much time nominating absent members to plant the trees that the dogs of Regina became quite fed-up with the whole thing. Many had left good trees in the East in order to come West and help keep alive the tradition that they were man's best friend (the horse was beginning to muscle in on their racket about that time), only to encounter procrastination in high places.

Finally, the scheme was hit on of inviting distinguished personages to Regina, and having them plant trees to commemorate their visit. Some of these celebrities were called back again and again, barely getting home before they received another invitation: "The City of Regina begs the honor of your presence at the Warble Fly Festival on Friday. Please bring your shovel."

Public Speaking Exec. Chosen

This year the Public Speaking Club and the Debating Club are holding joint meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 in Arts 248. The purpose of these clubs is to arouse and foster an interest in public speaking and debating on the campus during these times when it is found impossible to hold intervarsity debates. Meetings this year are limited to one hour to allow plenty of time to get our more important studying done.

The club has got under way to a flying start with short speeches and debates, and a lively program is assured for the balance of the year. At the meeting on Oct. 28 the executive was chosen, with the following officers being elected: Shirley Diamond, president; Drake Shelton, vice-president; Bob Hazlett, secretary; Roy Reynolds, Gateway reporter. The program for the coming meetings was organized as follows: Nov. 11, A study of the make-up of an effective speech; Nov. 18, A Mock Parliament will be conducted. This is something of an innovation on the campus, and will be your opportunity to contribute whatever you have to say.

A lively series of debates is being organized for the period following the November tests, and it is hoped that a good turn out now (particu-

larly by you Freshie) will lead to the final wrestling of the Huggill Trophy (symbol of interfaculty debating supremacy) from the clutches of the wavers. This, by the way, would be a worthy accomplishment, since the Lawyers have had undisturbed possession of this trophy for so long that they regard it as their own.

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Golden Bears Prepare For City League

Old Edition Reinforced By Interfac Basketball Aces And a Freshman

GARTH EVANS WILL MANAGE TEAM

High Scoring Rudy Warshawski Captain

With the opening date of the Men's Senior Basketball League set for this week, Coach Gordie Ferguson of the Varsity Golden Bears is fast whipping his small squad into shape. He has arranged for a practice game on Thursday night against Aircraft Repair, and will decide after seeing his men in action in a game which of them he will use on the regular squad.

Gordie feels that the Bears would be a crack intermediate team, and will look good even in the strong senior league. He

Swimmers Make A Big Splash

Are Having Good Year

"Breathe—2, 3, 4, 5, 6—kick from the hip down, lift that hand out of the water!" . . . with these words Coach AC2 Jack Pomfret is "whipping" the enthusiastic Varsity Swimmers into condition for Interfac competition in the spring. Jack, who is an ex-tank star from the University of Washington, holds a world swimming record, so the Swimming Club will have some first-class coaching.

Many members are already improving with only a few lessons. Five girls, two in pink bathing suits, two in blue and one in yellow, are showing especially good improvement in their swimming. Coach Pomfret also had high praise for the enthusiasm shown by the beginners.

A few diving enthusiasts were given instruction in elementary jumps, which are the primary steps in good diving. One girl in blue had made a decided improvement in her diving. A few of the fellows were trying "tucks, jacks and swans," as well as the less spectacular bellyflop.

At the last meeting the two hours of swimming were divided into four periods. First, the play period, in which everybody had a sporting time ducking everybody else. This was the time and place to meet some of those lovely bathing beauties. The second period was for instruction. In the deeper water the more advanced members were practicing the development of swimming style, while at the shallow end the coach gave lessons to beginners. The next period was designed to give the better swimmers a chance to do their stuff. The pool was cleared, and each swimmer did two lengths under the watchful eye of Coach Pomfret. Finally, the gala came to a climax with a very exciting relay race.

At this meeting 53 members were present, the majority being girls. How about it, fellas? There will be another meeting next Thursday, time 8:45, place Y. W. C. A. New members are always welcome. All that is required to join the club is a health certificate obtained from the infirmary from 12:30 to 1:00 any week day.

Manager of the Golden Bears has been named, and Garth Evans, Dent, and manager of many a Varsity basketball team, will be making arrangements for the squad. Practices are to be held once a week and games once a week. Their first game will be in the form of a preview at the Drill Hall on the 4th, and they go into real action against the Yanks on Tuesday, the 9th. On the 23rd of November the game will take place in Garneau gym against the Latter Day Saints. Varsity fans will turn out in force to see their only senior team in action this year.

Women's Senior Basketball Under Tom McClocklin

The basketball enthusiasts have once more swung into action, and it looks like there is an active season ahead. The senior team under the capable coaching of Tommy McClocklin, has held its first few practices, and there seems to be a lot of promising new material as well as two of the old stand-bys, Betty Johnstone and Lois Belyea. The practices are held over in the Drill Hall on Monday evening and Saturday afternoon, and anyone who has had any basketball experience is asked to come along and try for the team.

Interfac basketball, another main feature of the coming season's activities, is now well under way. There are five faculties represented in the league, and according to all reports the series will be a lively one. At the first meeting, two games were played, and the Education team defeated the House Eccers, and the Science representatives won in a very close game with the Arts team. Of course, this is only the beginning, and there's no telling who will come out on top, so if you like a lot of fun and need any exercise, come out and support your faculty. Practice makes perfect.

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WARNS ATHLETES



Aftermath of recent break-ins at Central Check, a warning has been issued to the effect that if another break-in should occur, the privilege of using the Drill Hall will be denied to men students.

BOB SCHRADER,
President, M.A.B.

Gordie Ferguson, New Senior Coach Has Imposing Basketball Record

Had Had Experience With Great Grad Organization Under Percy Page

Bears Play Yanks Tuesday

Announcement made by the Men's Athletic Board some time ago that Gordie Ferguson had been hired as coach of this year's Golden Bears basketball squad has been well received in University and overtown round-ball circles.

Ferguson handled the girls team at U. of A. last season, and gave such fine service that the Bearettes were more than anxious to retain his services. However, Gordie was shooting for bigger things, made application to handle the Bears, and was duly appointed.

He has had a world of experience locally, playing and coaching with conspicuous success for the last seven or eight years. A product of McDougall High School, where Percy Page is principal and Arnold Henderson, one of Canada's finest basketball men, once handled teams in this sport, Ferguson came under the influence of both. In fact, he presented to the M.A.B. a fine recommendation from Mr. Page, whose Edmonton Commercial Grads once ruled the feminine roost on a world wide scale.

Worms Really Squirm in Daft Engineer Football

STINKS AND TAPES SKUNKED PLENTY

Tuesday afternoon saw the Wire and Earthworms scuttling the Stink and Tape Worms to the tune of 27-0. The Sparks and Moles showed superior airpower, ground gains, with a minimum of naval engagements, to finish the league unbeaten, untied, and unscored upon.

A fumbled kick gave the boozers their first major score, Elephant Egan, snatching the ball for the touchdown. In the second quarter a running pass, Setters to Cormick, set up the touchdown play—Cormick going around end for the big five and Setters making good the convert. Late in the second quarter Setters recovered his own quick kick to boost the score to 16-0.

Early in the third quarter a sleeper pass, Setters to Buckley, started a downfield march, but the Riveters and Beaker-Boys stopped a threatened score, and some nice running by Stinky Lauriente brought back the Gas House boys into the game. Late in the third quarter, as Badger Buckley was ground-hogging near the sidelines, Sneaky Setters, the Rat (quote a chemical), tossed another Sneaker pass to the blinde Bull who, as he snorted his way down, saw red till he crossed the

question was raised by a number as to whether the green and gold aggregation would not have been well advised to request a place in the not-so-swift lower half. However, the answer—in some quarters, anyway—was, "Why go second class, when you can go first?"

FOUND

In front of Arts Building, by Union President, one Black Lady's Fountain Pen.

Football Pres. Makes Report

Well, the Meds powerhouse themselves into an Interfac rugby championship, and the Juniors were snowed under by the Blizzards, and that about wound up the football season, except for a few ambitious Engineering lads now performing in a worm league. So at the conclusion of the activities for this year, the Rugby Club says thanks—

To the students who turned out in largest numbers ever, to encourage the Interfac league to completion . . . To the fans and to the cheer leaders who endured the snowstorm when the Juniors were in action—and particularly to Profs. Hewitson and Porteous, who acted as official scorekeeper and timekeeper . . . To D. Ulrich and K. Bradshaw, yardsticks . . . R. Pulleyblank and R. Lazo, ticket sellers . . . G. Cummings, score board operator . . . A. Batchelor and H. Miller, water boys . . . R. Robertson and R. Torrance, advice and organization . . . R. Russel, advertising . . . E. Bate, R. McDairmaid and A. Jacobs, P.A. system . . . Mike Bevan, central check . . . Stan Mohr, Tommy Hays, Paul Kirk, Reg Moore, Steve Olander—in fact, to all who helped in any way with the season's football.

JACK JORGENSEN,
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What's The Score?

By BILL CLARK

Plans for Interfac basketball are expected this week, following the appointment of Herb Christie, well known player and referee, as Interfac manager. Some of the players are wondering what status Golden Bears will have in Interfac. Last year there was a sad lack of decisiveness in the ruling, if any, made governing Bears playing in the Interfac league. The Dents used men who had played senior, the other teams squawked, and some of them used seniors also. It ended with all the officials looking none too authoritative and many of the players dissatisfied. We are definitely not in favor of any hard and fast rule, and our reason is this:

We want as strong a Golden Bear team as possible. It has to be good. We also want as strong an Interfac league as possible. We don't want to see anybody riding the bench, and we want as many players as possible.

Can this be arranged? If any hard and fast rule is set, players on Interfac teams will be afraid to turn out with the Bears for fear they don't make the grade, but will be in uniform for a couple of games as reserves, and therefore barred from Interfac. The arrangement should be that Coach Gordie Ferguson can call on any Interfac player he thinks can use, coach him, play him or keep him as a substitute, just as he sees fit. If the man isn't a regular (Ferguson hopes to have about nine regulars, not five regulars and four subs), he should still be able to play Interfac. Last year some team managers complained of men playing just part of a couple of games or so with the Bears and then playing Interfac. Our scheme would be to have a small committee consisting of Ferguson, Johnny McInnis, president of basketball, and Herb Christie, manager of Interfac basketball. These three could decide whether a certain player would be allowed to play Interfac or not. Their decision would be final. In that way every good player in the University would be playing games, not just practicing. The Interfac league would be stronger, which is what it should be. Interfac football the past two years has benefitted by the senior grid artists. With less restriction on Interfac-Senior players, the league would be playing the best possible class of ball, and the Golden Bears would be free to dip into the league for whatever players they might be able to use.

Why waste a good coach by having him work on only nine men in the University. . . . Lt.-Col. P. S. Warren, Officer Commanding the C.O.T.C., University of Alberta Contingent, has issued a warning to all those interested in athletics which have as their base of operations the old Skating Rink, and now the Drill Hall. He would have them remember that they enjoy the privilege of the use of the fine gymnasium housed in the same Drill Hall, or Skating Rink, only through the kind consideration of the military authorities of the University. As there is no janitor in the building, clubs will be expected to clean up what mess they might, in the course of

hold a racket. There are players to match every level of proficiency and beginners are instructed. The hours count for Women's War Service. Come out and play this week.

white line for the fourth touchdown. The convert was short. On the exchange of kicks, Lauriente was roused by Egon and Chamberlain to add insult to injury.

In the fourth quarter the Shocks and Drillers started their big march down the field, with Setters going over standing up. The never-say-die Tape and Acid boys made their last effort, but were stopped on their own forty-five by the Booming Bums of the Power House and North Lab. The final whistle tooted the victory march.

For the losers, Stinky Lauriente and Sewer McCracken were the standouts. For the winners, Spark Setters was the big Shook, with Circuit Cormick, Long-Shunt Chamberlain and Badger Buckley trying to show why they turned out on the field.

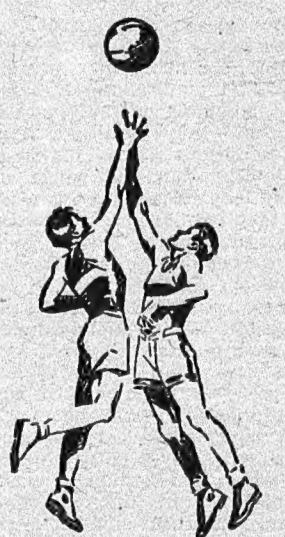
Lineups:
Wireworms and Earthworms: Mole Manyuk, Driller Richardson, Drift Edie, Long-Shunt Chamberlain, Stope Anderson, Elephant Egon, Conductor Clark, Killer Kuryah, Swivel-Hips Stevenson, Waw-waw Weeks, Dynamo Doze, Spark Setters, Badger Buckley and Circuit Cormick.

Tapeworms and Stinkworms: Trapper Nelson, Horizontal Jones, Four-Gun Fead, Line-Kin Lewis, H2S Nichols, Beedle-Brows Belzeberg, Angle-Iron Walker, Block and Tackle Brandley, Gas-Constant Rubin, Precipitation Lauriente, Blood and Guts McCracken, Li'l Abner Jackson.

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STRAND—Friday, Sat., Mon., "Iceland," with Sonja Henie; also "Robin Hood of the Range," with Charles Starrett. Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Once Upon a Honeymoon," Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers, plus "Mummy's Tomb," with Dick Foran.

GARNEAU—Friday, Sat., "Presenting Lily Mars," Judy Garland and Van Heflin. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Mission to Moscow," with Walter Huston. Thurs., Friday, "Stormy Weather," with Lena Horne and all Negro Cast.

PRINCESS — Friday, Sat., "Spawn of the North," George Raft, Henry Fonda and Dorothy Lamour; also "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant," Lionel Barrymore. Mon., Tues., Wed., "The Moon is Down," Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Henry Travour; also "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," with Richard Carlson. Thurs., "Pardon My Sarong," with Abbott and Costello; also "Pittsburgh."

RIALTO — Running for one week starting Friday, "Sahara," with Humphrey Bogart.

VARSCONA — Friday, "Now Voyager," Bette Davis; also "Nine Lives are Not Enough," Sat., Mon., Tues., "Always in My Heart," Walter Huston and Kay Francis, plus "They Drive by Night," with Humphrey Bogart. Wed., Thurs., Friday, "Fantasia"; also "We Were Dancing," Melvyn Douglas and Norma Shearer.

Sensational Women's Rugby Game Saturday Afternoon